

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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A SPRING PSALM.

"SWEET primal season, effluence divine!
Thou bright perennial from the fields of life!
Make earth once more thy consecrated shrine,
And hush the tumult of tempestuous strife.

"Come, as of old, with vivifying breath,
Pearl, blue, and silver, sunny sky, and cloud,
And Beauty, springing from the bed of death,
Shall break the trammels of her icy shroud."

The hills are touched, and, lo! their summits
smoke,
The sea-fowl seek again their native strand;
The hawthorns redden underneath the oak,
Broad rivers laugh, and greener grows the
land.

Deep in the dell the wild bee's harp is heard,
High in the azure Heaven's own minstrel
sings;
Impassioned music fires the forest bird,
While tremulous raptures vibrate in his wings.

The flowers are all devotion, Nature's nun
In snow-veil drops her head in silent prayer;
With conscious joy the crocus greets the sun,
And fragrant with thanksgiving is the air.

A holier impulse stirs in every soul
With each new revelation from above;
Thou Spring, art one, we yield to thy control,
And hear creation whisper, "God is Love."
Gentleman's Magazine.

SUNLIGHT.

A BLUE haze in the distance lies,
The crisp green meadows are newly shorn,
Cloudlets drift in the Summer skies,
Birds are loud in the fragrant thorn.

The leaves, like lovers, kiss in the breeze;
And over the fields of glossy wheat,
Like ripples glancing on sunny seas,
Light winds dance on their fairy feet.

The river, glimmering to the sun,
Like a forest of Templar lances shows,
Motionless as a kneeling nun,
The gray spire shines from cottage rows.

Swifter than swallow down the wind,
O'er the bridge, and through the vale,
The engine rushes, and far behind
Wreaths of luminous vapour sail.

To one long pent in city lane,
Noting the Spring by slow degrees;
Of Summer little but warmth and rain,
What magic in such morns as these!

The breast expands, as to night dew,
Wood violets spring in haunts of dove,
Hope brightens to her brightest hue,
And the heart glows with faith and love.

Dublin University Magazine.

TO THE MOON.

GLIDE on, oh, beautiful queen of night!
Spanning the wave with an arch of light;
Bathing the hills in thy liquid beams,
Laving thy face in the winter streams.
Art thou not weary — oh, wandering star! —
Of treading all silent thy pathway afar?
Thus ever traversing the star-sprinkled sea,
While none but the night-wave holds converse
with thee?

I love thy face, for each look again
Recalls some lost link of friendship's chain:
Loved eyes I may never again behold,
Though they, perhaps, gaze on thy rays of gold.
Go tell them this fond heart, though parted
wide,
Beats true as the ebb and flow of yon tide;
And oh! when thou comest once more from the
sea,
Bring back but the same welcome tidings to
me.

Dublin University Magazine.

UNTO HIS REST.

WHEN came the New Year's snow he passed
away,
Our brother whom we love: one more great
heart
Caught out of pain, its beating done for aye.
For ever? While the unknown ages roll.
More lonely now we stand: another link
Is loosed, that bound us to this cold white world.
To God be thanks for all: to Him all dear
All hearts: so runs the word. In this our grief
We feel His love, like rose-light on the snow.
We grieve to think the snow will cover him
Our brother, sleeping by the grey old spire,
Where gravestone shadows mark the circling
hours:

A causeless grief: nor sun nor snow can harm.
To us this sorrow, but to him repose
And those rich gifts a Saviour sent confers.
So will we hope; and by the time-worn spire
Leave him, near her he loved, with God alone.

Dublin University Magazine.

TRANSLATION FROM DANTE.

FORTH from the fold as troop a flock of sheep,
By one, two, three; while th' others still
stand by,
Timid, and low aground their faces keep,
And with the leader all at once comply;
Stop, if she stops, quick huddling to her
side,

Simple and still; nor know the reason why;
So saw I those advance, who foremost guide
The movements of that life-predestin'd flock,
In mien so chaste, in step so dignified.

Ford's Translation of Dante's Divina Commedia.

From The North British Review.

THE BORGIIAS AND THEIR LATEST HISTORIAN.

THE Renaissance is the only epoch of history that has equal charms for idle and for thoughtful men, and stands in visibly intimate connection with the civilization of the present time, yet beyond the range of its controversies. The interest it awakens is undisturbed by the contests that immediately followed it. Neither religious nor political differences affect the feelings with which men regard the age to which they owe the knowledge of Pagan, of Jewish, and of Christian antiquity, the formation of modern literature, and the perfection of art. The degradation which Italy suffered under native tyrants cannot prevent the pride with which she remembers the days of her national independence and her intellectual supremacy. Stores of new materials continue to be produced in uninterrupted profusion by patriotic scholars; and the way in which they modify the aspects of the fifteenth century is shown in several recent works. Zeller's *Italie et Renaissance* and Reumont's *Geschichte der Stadt Rom*, mark the progress which has been made beyond the range of Roscoe and Sismondi. Both are well-written books; and the authors are perfectly familiar with the spirit of those brilliant times. Bueckhardt's *Cultur der Renaissance in Italien* is the most penetrating and subtle treatise on the history of civilization that exists in literature; but its merit lies in the originality with which the author uses common books, rather than in actually new investigations. The last traveller over the ground is Gregorovius.

The seventh volume of his *History of Mediæval Rome* virtually completes his task, for it reaches the beginning of the sixteenth century. Another volume will include the age of Leo X., and terminate with the siege and devastation of the city in 1527. The work gains in breadth and variety as it proceeds: and at times it is little less than a history of the Popes. The treatment is unequal. Pius II., the ablest and most interesting pontiff of the fifteenth century, receives but little attention, probably because a voluminous life of

him appeared only a few years ago. But the pontificate of Alexander VI. is described with elaborate care, and occupies great part of the volume. These chapters are among the best and most solid that Gregorovius has written. Continuous reports by the envoys of Florence, Venice, and Ferrara at the court of Rome enable him to emancipate himself from the trivial diarists on whom every writer since Raynaldus has been obliged to depend for the secret history of the Vatican. He is so well supplied with unpublished documents, and he employs them with so little regard for purposes of vulgar controversy, that his estimate of Alexander, which contradicts the unanimous judgment of all the contemporaries of the Pope, cannot be put aside, at once and without examination, among historical paradoxes. Alexander VI. is described by his latest historian as a man whose everyday mediocrity reflects the sinfulness of a godless age, whose motives were the love of pleasure and the advancement of his family, who had neither political capacity nor serious design, and whose nature was too frivolous and too passive even for ambition.*

This excessive depreciation of a man whose talents and success were the admiration of Europe in his time is not due to an irrelevant indignation at his depravity, but to the historian's habit of avoiding the ecclesiastical part of his subject. Looking at secular and profane things only, he does not see that Alexander fills a great space in history, because he so blended his spiritual and temporal authority as to apply the resources of the one to the purposes of the other. The strain which his policy as an Italian sovereign laid on his power in the Church was fruitful of consequences in the next generation, and for all later times. His energy in making the prerogative of the Holy See profitable and exchangeable in the political market was an almost immediate cause

* In Wahrheit zeigt es sich, wie gewöhnlich und klein dieser Mensch gewesen ist. . . . Sein ganzer Pontifikat zeigt keine einzige grosse Idee weder in Kirche noch Staat. . . . Nichts von jenem rastlosen Thatendrange und Herrschersinn eines Sixtus IV. oder Julius II. erscheint in der wollustigen und passiven Natur dieses kleinen Genussmenschen. — Pp. 500-502.

of the revolt of Northern Europe. The system which Luther assailed was the system which Alexander VI. had completed and bequeathed to his successors. It was his work and example that Adrian meant to repudiate when he attributed the corruption of the Church to the recent usurpations and immorality of the Papacy.* And Julius II. attempted to liberate the Church from the responsibility of his acts by declaring that a Pope elected by simony could never become legitimate.†

The leading fact that governs his whole pontificate is the notorious invalidity of his election. There had been no hypocrisy in the transaction; and all Europe was able to learn the exact sums that he had paid or promised to his supporters, and even to their attendants. His seat never became secure. His right was permanently threatened. The shadow of an impending Council darkened his life and ruined his authority. He was obliged to create for himself the power which belonged in theory to his See. He could not have held his position without perpetual activity and effort.

He was hailed at first with flattery so general and excessive that it must have been more than conventional. Men said that he was more than human, that he surpassed all mankind in righteousness, that the splendour of Christ himself shone forth when he ascended the throne.‡ His

* Scimus in hac sancta Sede aliquot jam annis multa abominanda fuisse, abusus in spiritualibus, excessus in mandatis, et omnia denique in perversum mutata. (Indicat hic optimus Pontifex ea, quæ nos in Alexandro VI. deploravimus;) nec mirum si ægritudo a capite in membra, a summis Pontificibus in alios inferiores prelatos descendit. — Raynaldus, *Annales Ecclesiastici*, 1522, 70.

† Contra dictum sic electum vel assumptum de simoniaca labe a quocunque Cardinali, qui eidem electioni interfuerit, opponi et excipi possit, sicut de vera et indubitata heresi. — Raynaldus, 1506, 1.

‡ Politian, speaking in the name of Siena, said: Præstant animi magnitudo, qua mortales crederes omnes antecellere — Magna quedam de te nobis rara, ardua, singularia, incredibilia, inaudita pollicentur. The Orator of Luca: Quid iste tuus divinus et majestate plenus aspectus? The Genoese: Adeo virtutum gloria et disciplinarum laude, et vitæ sanctimonia decoraris, et adeo singularum, ac omnium rerum ornameto dotaris, quæ talem summam ac venerandam dignitatem præbeant, ut valde ab omnibus aubigendum sit, tu ne magis pontificali, an illa tibi sacratissima et gloriosissima Papatus dignitas offerenda fuerit. — Cincionius, *Vita Pont.* lib. 152, 159. The Venetian Senate rejoiced: Prop-

very countenance was divine. The golden age came back again: Astræa returned to earth at his accession. It was really believed that he would be a glorious pontiff.* Ferrante of Naples and Ferdinand of Aragon were hostile to him from the beginning; but in many countries the illusion was not dispelled until the cardinals who had refused his bribes published his iniquity. Julian della Rovere, afterwards Pope Julius II., insisted that a Council should be summoned in order to judge him.†

The idea was taken up by the Court of France, when the Pope appointed one of his kinsmen to the archbishopric of Rouen, whilst the chapter elected George d'Amboise.‡ The ministers boasted that the King possessed an infallible means of subjugating Alexander, by calling a Council.§ Charles VIII. claimed the crown of Naples, and threatened, if investiture should be refused, to depose the Pope, not by force, but by canonical proof that he was a heretic and an intruder.¶ When Alexan-

ter divinas virtutes et dotes quibus ipsam insignitum et ornatum conspicebamus, videbatur a divina providentia talem pastorem gregi, domino et sacrosanctæ romanæ ecclesiæ vicarium suum fuisse delectum et præordinatum. — Romanin, *Storia di Venezia*, v. 10. The Archbishop of Colocza wrote: Omnes id satis exploratum habent, mitiorem Pontificem nec optari, nec creari potuisse, cui tantum sapientiæ, probitatis, experientiæ, ac integritatis est, quantum in quovis alio unquam audiverimus. — Petrus de Warda *Epistolarum*, 33. A priest of Parma wrote: Hominem non dicam, sed divinum hominem, magnanimum pietate gravem ac meritis sapientissimum, ingenio præstantem, consiliis et sententiis probatissimum, omnibus denique virtutibus ornatissimum.

† Dicevi che sara glorioso pontefice. — Manfredi to the Duchess of Ferrara, Aug. 17, 1492: *Atti e Memorie*, iv. 323.

‡ Quid enim felleis recordationis Alexandro VI. Romano Pontifici prædecessori nostro magis nos odiosos fecit, nisi studium et cura generalis concilii celebrandi? Quid nos terra marique jactavit, cum nobis Idem Alexander prædecessor esset infensus? quid toties Alpes transcendere transalpinas, Gallias peragrarè per æstus, nives et glacies compulsi, nisi quod nitebamur, ut a Romano Pontifice concilium indiceretur, convocaretur et celebraretur? — Raynaldus, 1511, 10.

* Sdegnati di questa collazione contro del Papa, li Rè tenne li di medesimo gran consiglio, dove furono proposte e trattate più cose contro del Papa, in riformazione della chiesa. — Desp. of Aug. 31, 1493: *Négociations avec la Toscane*, i. 249.

‡ Venetian despatch of the same month of August. In Romanin, v. 33.

¶ Soggiungeva che rifiutando le cose che ricercava, considerasse bene essere a Carlo cosa libera,

der took the side of the house of Aragon, and the French invaded Italy, his prospects seemed hopeless. He expected to be deposed.* The Cardinal of Siena, whom he sent to mollify the king of France, could not obtain an audience, and wrote to warn his master of the approaching danger.† The French intended to summon a Council at Ferrara to sit in judgment on the Pope;‡ and they believed that the consciousness of his guilt would make him pliable.§ They occupied Rome without resistance. Alexander shut himself up in St. Angelo with a small group of faithful prelates; but the majority of the cardinals were urging the King to depose him.|| The instrument pronouncing his deposition was drawn up;¶ French

cannon were pointed against the fort; and part of the walls suddenly gave way. When it seemed that nothing could save Alexander, Charles relented and made terms with him. The reforming cardinals quitted Rome, indignant at the failure of their design. As the Pope instantly broke the treaty that had been forced upon him, Briçonnet himself thought that the King would proceed to extremities against him on his return from Naples.* Alexander escaped by flight. He afterwards said that Charles had been restrained from acts of violence by the piety of his courtiers; † but the language of Briçonnet and Comines proves that the opinion of the French camp was in favour of a bolder policy, and the King had not courage to attempt it. When he was gone, and the danger was over, Alexander excommunicated him. Shortly before he died, the Sorbonne exhorted him to convoke a Council, and accomplish the reforms which the Pope persisted in refusing.

Under his successor, Lewis XII., the plan was revived. The Cardinal d'Amboise opened negotiations with Ferdinand and Maximilian with a view to a new elec-

poichè adjutato dall' imperatore de' Romani il quale da pochi giorni s'era seco lui confederato, era per privarlo dalla dignità apostolica, non solo colle armi colle quali superava tutti gli altri, ma per diritto, radunando un concilio de' prelati, i quali potevano giustamente pronunziare avere egli comperato la pontificia dignità, di maniera che non si poteva chiamare vero pastore di Santa Chiesa.— Corio, *Storia de Milano*, lib. 625.

* Dubitava che il re lo dimittesse del Papato.— Marin Sanuto, in Cherrier, *Hist. de Charles VIII.*, lib. 61.

† Alunt etiam multo vulgo inter alios lactari, regem Roman venturum et statum Romanæ Ecclesiæ reformaturum.— Piccolomini to Alexander, Lucea, Nov. 4. 1494.

‡ Le quali cose sono di qualità, secondo che me concluso dicto oratore (the French envoy at Florence), che daranno materia al prefato Re Christ: de fare pratica con qualche Cardinale, come già se fece, de chiamare Sua Santità a Concilio, dicendomi che el credeva che non passariano molti giorni che'l se ordinaria dicto Concilio, et de farlo a Ferrara, dove pare che se debba fare per omni rispetto. Et a questo gli è molto inclinata prefata Regia Mta.— Manfredi to Duke of Ferrara, February 16, 1495: *Atti e Memorie*, iv. 341.

§ Crediamo che la Santità di nostro Signore, il quale di sua natura è vile e è consueti criminalis sul ancora de facili si potrebbe ridurre alle cose oneste, per dubio delle cose di qua.— Florentine Desp., Lyons, June 6, 1494: Canestrini, i. 399. Eulx deux (Borgia and Sforza) estoient l'envy qui seroit Pape. Toutesfoi, je croy qu'ilz eussent consenty tous deux d'en faire ung nouveau au plaisir du Roy, et encores d'en faire ung francois.— Comines, *Mémoires*, li. 386.

|| Nostre Saint Père est plus tenu au roy qu'on ne pense, car si ledit seigneur eust voulu ottemperer a la plupart de Messieurs les Cardinaux, ilz eussent fuit ung autre pape en intention de reformer légèise ainsi qu'ilz disaient.— Briçonnet to the Queen of France, Rome, Jan. 13, 1495: De la Pilorgerie, *Campagne d'Italie*, 135.

¶ This was stated by Paul IV.: Sua Santità entro a deplorar le miserie d'Italia, et narro l'istoria dal principio che fu chiamato Rè Carlo in Italia da Lu-

dovico Moro et Alfonso d'Aragona, con il particolari del parentado fra questi due, la causa dell' inimicitia, il passar Rè Carlo per Roma, la paura di Papa Alessandro di esser deposto, come publicamente dicevano il Cardinali che vennero co'l Rè tra quali erano S. Pietro in Vincula, che fu poi Giulio Secondo; che furono fatti li capitoli della privazione da un Vicentino Vescovo di [illegible], all' hora auditor della Camera.— Desp. of B. Navagero, Rome, May 23, 1577: ms. Foscarini, 6255.

* Divinendo in ragionamento col Card. de S. Malo (Briçonnet) del facto del Papa, sua Revma Sigria me disse che il Re chmo non ne rimaneva cum quella bona satisfatione che'l sperava, havendose portato non troppe bene in queste pratiche de Spagne, etc., concludendo dicto Carde che'l dubitava assai, che, finita che fosse questa impresa del Reame, de Napoli, la Mta del Re non se desponesse a pigliare qualche expediente per reformare la chiesa, parendogli che'l sia molto necessario, vedendosi come sono gubernate le cose della chiesa et sede apostolica.— Manfredi to Duke of Ferrara, Feb. 25, 1495: *Atti e Memorie*, iv. 342.

† Adducendo su questo proposito quello che accadette al Christianissimo Re Carlo quando andava in lo reame: che avendo pur contra sua santità malo animo, non solo fu consentito per li Sigri francesi che ageret contra cam, ma fu necessitato ad inclinarsi et basarli lo pede, et tenerli la staffa in mezo la fango.— Desp. of Saracini to Duke of Ferrara, Rome, Oct. 27, 1501.

tion.* In the summer of the year 1501, Piccolomini, Cardinal of Siena, who became Alexander's successor, proposed to him to call together a Council and undertake reforms himself, lest the thing should be done in spite of him, and to the detriment of the Papacy, by the cardinals who were living abroad. Alexander entertained the idea for a moment, and then gave it up when he was reminded that Piccolomini was a nephew of Pius II., "an concilionista," whose advice in these matters was open to suspicion.† In the following year it was reported in Rome that the French were resolved to depose him. There is a celebrated medal bearing the effigy of Lewis XII., with the lilies, and the words "Perdam Babylonis nomen," which is ascribed to the time of the deadly quarrel between Lewis and Julius II. It belongs to the time of Alexander VI. Constabili speaks of it, and describes the sensation which it made at Rome, in a letter to the Duke of Ferrara, on the 11th of August 1502.

The aspiration of the Councils of Constance and Basil, the hope of honest reforms, had remained unsatisfied, and was kept up by the condition of the Roman Court during several pontificates. It was scarcely worse under Alexander than under his predecessors; and the zeal of the French Government was not attributable exclusively to disinterested motives of conscience. The flaw in his election was too tempting an instrument to be neglected. There was more to gain by practising on his fears than by deposing him. Neither Germany nor Spain was willing to accept a Pope created by the King of France.‡

King Ferdinand continually impressed on Alexander that he heartily despised him. Gonzalvo of Cordova came to Rome and spoke out the indignation and horror of Europe.§ A joint embassy was despatched by the kings of Spain and Portugal, to protest against the scandals of the Papacy.|| Alexander received the envoys in presence of five cardinals. They rep-

resented the immediate necessity of a thorough reformation; they demanded that a Council should be assembled at the Lateran; they informed the Pope that all Italy could bear witness that his election was void.* He replied that their king was excommunicated, and that it was well for them that Cæsar Borgia did not hear them. Later on he made one concession. He promised that the duchy of Benevento should not be alienated from the See of Rome. He had conferred it on his son the Duke of Gandia, who was almost immediately murdered; and the Spanish ambassador had resisted, and declared that it should not be done.

Grief for the loss of his son roused the conscience of the Pope; and he spoke of abdicating the throne, and changing his life. He would send Cæsar to reside in his diocese of Valencia. He would resign the government into the hands of the cardinals. A commission of six was appointed on the 17th of June 1497, and drew up, in the following month, a scheme of reform, which has not been noticed by Gregorovius.† Their proposals were quickly forgotten; but two months later they were still acting as advisers of the Pope in the affair of Savonarola.‡

During the short interregnum over which the promise of improvement lasted, Cardinal Borgia was sent with the powers of a papal legate into Umbria. His letters to Alexander VI, written in the summer of 1497, are the most eloquent testimony we possess touching the state of society which the Borgias set themselves to abolish in the dominions of the Church, and the influences which determined their unrelenting policy.§ It was a pacific mission. The legate went unarmed to try the force of persuasion, and to test the moral authority of the Papacy in a district where the idea of the State was quenched in feudal strife, and each man's safety consisted in the terror he was able

* Le Gendre, *Vie du Cardinal d'Amboise* 1. 245.

† Constabili to Duke of Ferrara, Rome, Feb. 23, 1502.

‡ Cardinal Perrault said to the Venetian ambassador at the Court of Maximilian: "Non se parla de deporre el Pontifice: ma se vol provedere che el stato della chiesa non sia tirannizzato, ovviar alla simonia, coreger la vita del prelati et levare le castorioni che se fano nela cancellaria."—De Leva, *Storia di Carlo V.*, l. 73.

§ Zurita, *Historia del Rey Don Hernando*, l. 117.

|| Moreo esse profligatus, pietatis studium restitutum, flagitiorum licentiam solutam, res sanctissimas pretio indignissimis addicere—remque esse in extremum pone discrimen adductam.—Osius, *De rebus gestis Emanuelis: Opera*, l. 595.

* Italia tutta avrebbe dimostrato lui non esser vero Pontefice.—Marin Sanuto, in De Leva, 61. Que eran notorias las formas que se tuvieron en su eleccion, y quan graves cosas se intentaron, y quan escandalosas.—Zurita, 159.

† Raynaldus, who is his sole authority here, depends upon Zurita; and Zurita gives no particulars. The plan is in Malipiero, *Annali Veneti*, 494.

‡ Se era deliberato per el Papa et per li sei Cardinali deputati pro reformatione, che ullo pacto non se desse la absoluteione che addimandava questa Signoria per fra Hieronimo nostro, nisi prius parerent mandatis del suo generale et del Papa, non se attendendo alli ragionamenti facti per li audientes Cardinali de suspendere le censure per duos menses.—Manfredi to Duke of Ferrara, Aug. 16, 1497: *Atti e Memorie*, iv. 585.

§ The originals are among the manuscripts in St. Mark's Library.—Lat. Cl. x. 176.

to inspire. In the first letter, on the day of his arrival at Narni, he announced that he could accomplish nothing without troops, as the demons he had to deal with were not to be frightened with holy water.* The presence of a legate was so little heeded that Alviano, the same who afterwards commanded the Venetians when their power was broken at Agnadello, seized a town belonging to the Pope, and sacked it almost before his face. Borgia sent for him, and summoned him to keep the peace. Alviano replied that he would gladly help the Pope to subdue his neighbours, but that he would destroy the town rather than give it up.† It was soon discovered that the legate was not followed by an army; and things grew worse.‡ The country was without police or law. The inhabitants of Todi, finding there was no government to protect them, deserted the town in despair.§ Brigands held unmolested sway, and were only checked by rival bands. At Perugia the legate caused a murderer to be arrested and put to death.|| It was an immense achievement. Murder was common; but legal punishment was a thing almost unknown. Perugia, in consternation, became an altered city. Borgia was proud of his success. He assured the Pope that the rest of the country could be reduced to order and peace by measures of exceeding rigour.

Reigning over subjects unaccustomed to obey, befriended by no power in Europe except the Turk, surrounded by hostile cardinals, with a flaw in his title which invited defiance and contempt, Alexander found himself in a position of the utmost

danger. In the natural course of things, a power so wrongfully acquired and so ill secured would have fallen speedily; and the Papacy, bearing the penalty of its corruption, would have been subjugated. It was only by resorting to extraordinary artifice of policy, by persisting in the unlimited use of immoral means, and creating resources he did not lawfully possess, that Alexander could supply the total want of moral authority and material force. He was compelled to continue as he had begun, with the arts of a usurper, and to practise the maxim by which his contemporaries, Lewis XI., Ferrante of Naples, and Ferdinand of Aragon, prevailed over the disorganized and dissolving society of feudalism, that violence and fraud are sometimes the only way to build up a State.* He depended on two things — on the exchange of services done in his spiritual capacity for gold, troops, and political support; and on the establishment of principalities for his own family. The same arts had been employed by his predecessors with less energy and profit. It was an unavoidable temptation, almost a necessity of his position, to carry them to the furthest excess.

The theory of the Papal prerogative was already equal to the demands he made on it. Flatterers told him that he was invested with the power of Almighty God on earth, that he was supreme in the temporal as well as the spiritual order, that no laws or canons could bind him, for he himself was the animated law, and the rightful judge over the princes of the world.† He made the most of this doctrine, and resolutely applied it in practice. He declared that his authority was unlimited, that it extended over all men and all things.‡ In virtue of this claim he bestowed Africa and America on the kings of Spain, excommunicating beforehand all who should presume to trespass on these regions without license.§ The plenitude

* E molto necessaria la provvisione de le genti d'arme contro questi demoni che non fuggono per acqua sancta. — July 16, 1497.

† Intendendo che quando l'antique sue rasoni non li siano sopra de quella de la Sta vostra instaurate, spianaria per modo che dire sepossa, qui fu Lugnano. — July 17.

‡ Solo in la mia prima lonta in provintia cessarono un poco per timore dele gente d'arme, fo dicto me seguitavano, ma hormai reassicurati comensano nel primo modo offenderse et non dare loco ad mei comandamenti. — July 27.

§ Ricevo ad ogni hora da quelli proveri loro castelli querere miserabili che le prede et occisioni se le fanno tutta via maiuri. Per la qual cosa la Sa Va po ben comprendere che tucto lo remedio de questi mali consiste in la venuta de la gente d'arme, le quali tardano piu forniscese el paese de Tode da desolare, essendo da la partita mia in qua la cita totalmente derelicta et lassata vacua. — July 30.

|| In questa cita hieri si fecero li bannamenti et con maraviglioso consenso sonno da tucti posti in osservantia, et procedono le cose qui con tanta obedientia et quiete che meglio non si potriano desiderare. — July 30. Dopo li Bandimeni, del becharini homicidi ho facti pigliar, et son stati senza tumulto et piacer del popolo menati in presone. Cosa da bon tempo in qua insolita in questa cita, et questa matina ne è stato appichato uno. — August 2.

* Uno in una città disordinata merita laude, se, non potendo riordinarla altrimenti, lo fa con la violenza e con la fraude, e modi extraordinarii. — Guicciardini, in *Opere Inedite* l. 22.

† Tibi supremum rerum omnium officium potestas in terra concessa est. Pontifex est, qui Lege, Canone, et propria constitutione Papali solutus, ea tamen vivere non designatur; qui Canon in terris animatus vocatur: qui denique omnium Principum, Regum et Imperatorum Juxda legitimis appellatur. Negabit ergo quisquam, quod gladii potestatem utriusque a vero Deo demandatam non obtineas? — Ciacconius, 155, 153.

‡ Altissimus, sicut in Beato Petro, Apostolorum Principe, eterne vite clavigero, omnes atque omnia, nullo prorsus excepto, ligandi atque solvendi plenariam tribuit potestatem, ita Nos, super gentes et regna constitutos . . . In Prophetam mandavit. — To Charles VIII., Aug. 5, 1496.

§ Auctoritate omnipotentis Dei nobis in Beato Pe-

of power thus exercised was justified by an enlargement of the mediæval theory, which adapted it to the enlarged horizon of the Church. It is the Pope's office, it was argued, to teach the Gospel to all nations, and to compel observance of natural law. But the heathen will not hear the Gospel, and will not keep the law, unless they are made subject to Christians. Conquest, said one of the best writers of the next generation, makes more converts in a few days than mere preaching in three hundred years. Civil rights and authorities cannot lawfully obstruct the propagation of the faith.* The Spanish government profited by this sweeping grant, but attached no religious value to it; for they soon after agreed with Portugal to shift the line of partition which the Pope had drawn across the earth.

Alexander VI. employed the terrors of excommunication with a sparing hand. The risk was great and the weapon blunted. His censures against the King of France were effectually suppressed by Cardinal Julian. The Sorbonne declared that his threats might be disregarded with a safe conscience. They were of no avail when unsupported by material force. But in Italy, where they were backed by carnal weapons, men thought of them with awe; and the Venetians dreaded them even when unjust.† Accordingly, the

Pope used excommunication as a way of declaring war on those whom he was about to attack. The rebellious vassals were assailed with spiritual arms on account of their impiety as a prelude to the arrival of Cæsar's army.*

It was by squandering ecclesiastical privileges, by the profusion of graces and dispensations, that he disarmed enemies, made friends, and got money. The Venetians accused him of abetting the Turks against them;‡ and they dreaded extremely the progress of Cæsar Borgia in Romagna. Yet they feared to oppose him; for they required the Pope's aid in taxing the clergy and in raising money from the people. They gained 120,000 ducats by the Jubilee in 1501.

Marriage dispensations became, by careful management, productive sources of revenue and of political influence. Charles VIII. wished to marry the betrothed bride of the King of the Romans; and the Pope was solicited on either side to permit or to prevent the match. He informed Valori that he meant to decide in favour of France, as the stronger and more useful power.‡ But he said that the thing was too scandalous to be done publicly, and afterwards spoke of the marriage as invalid.§ Divorce served him better than dispensations. Lewis XII. wished to marry the widow of his predecessor, whose dower was the duchy of Brittany. He was already married; but Cæsar was despatched to France with the permission for the king to put away his wife. He was rewarded by a French principality, a French wife, and a French army wherewith to conquer Romagna. Ladislaus of Hungary desired to put away his wife, the widow of Mathias Corvinus. The Pope gave him leave, and earned 25,000 ducats by the transaction. He twice dissolved the marriage of Lucretia. The king of Poland had married a

tro concessa, ac vicariatus Jesu Christi qua fungimur in terris. Ac quibuscunque personis cujuscunque dignitatis, etiam imperialis et regalis status gradus ordinis vel conditionis sub excommunicationis latæ sententiæ pœna, quam eo ipso, si contra fecerint, incurrant districtius inhibemus ne ad insulas et terras firmas inventas et invenientas . . . accedere presument . . . Auctoritate nobis in B. Petro concessa, de ipsa Africa omnibusque regnis, terris, et dominis illius sine aliquas Christiani principis prejudicio, auctoritate apostolica tenore præsentium . . . plene investimus.—Raynaldus, 1493, 22; 1494, 36.

* Habet igitur Papa potestatem ubique gentium, non solum ad prædicandum Evangelium, sed etiam ut gentes, si facultas adsit, cogat, legem naturæ cui omnes homines subjecti sunt, servare. . . . Ut autem infideles Evangelicam prædicationem audire et legem naturæ servare cogantur, necesse est ut Christianorum imperio subiciantur. . . . Hac ratione paucis diebus plures et tutius ad Christi fidem convertuntur, quam fortasse trecentis annis sola prædicatione converterentur. . . . Quoniam enim Ecclesiasticæ potestatis, quam Christus tradidit Vicario suo, in his potissimum rebus versatur, quæ religionem attingunt, patet tamen latissime in omni terrarum orbe, pertinere etiam ad imperia civilia et omne genus, si hoc religionis moderandæ vel propagandæ ratio postulare videatur. . . . Belli parandi classicque militendæ gravissimus auctor fuit Alexander VI. Pontifex Max. cujus Pontificis auctoritas ea est ut ejus legibus ac decretis publice factis obistere vel contradicere nefas sit, et sacrorum interdicto hæreticorumque penis sanctum.—Sepúlveda, *Opere*, iv. 334, 335, 340; iii. 12, 15.

† Perchè giusta vale, ingiusta timenda est. . . . Con veritate il favor d'un Papa è più grande di quello che cadano può considerare. . . . Perchè l'autorità sua vale assai, edico grandemente apud

Deum et homines.—Prulli, May 25, June 10, August 23, 1501.

* Alexander to the Magistrates of Bologna, Jan. 28, 1501, in Gozzadini, *Memorie di Bentivoglio*, Doc. 75.

† Se la stessa Santità Vostro persuade altrui el si lasci punire o battere dagli infedeli, convien pur dire si voglia e si desideri che prima noi, e poco dopo l'universa religione cristiana vada in ruina.—Connoll of Ten to the Pope, June 30, 1500: De Leva, i. 69.

‡ Lo ricercammo, qual era in secreto la intenzione sua. Rispose che in ultimo satisfarebbe al Re di Francia, e terrebbe più conto di lui che del Re de' Romani; non solo perchè la Francia è più potente, ma anco perchè quella casa è stata sempre amica e difensora di Santa Chiesa.—Desp. Rome, March 31, 1493; Canestrini, i. 489.

§ Pubblicava che la dispensacion que el Rey Carlos tenia, con la qual caso con la duquesa de Bretaña, era de ningún efecto. . . . y decía, que en publico no quería concederla, por el escándalo.—Zurita, 27.

princess of the Greek Church, and had bound himself by oath not to compel her to change her religion. The Pope informed him that the oath was illegal, and not only absolved him from it, but required that compulsion should be used, if necessary, in order to convert her. But if neither ecclesiastical nor secular weapons should avail to subdue her obstinacy, then he commanded that she should be punished by having her goods confiscated, and by being turned out of her husband's house.*

In order to make money by Indulgences, Alexander claimed jurisdiction over the other world. When the jubilee of 1500 was celebrated, he was advised that it would produce far more if it were made applicable to the dead. Divines reported that this power was included in the Pope's prerogative.† Sixtus IV. had attempted to restrain this superstition; but Alexander allowed it to prevail; and the idea that the release of a soul could be insured by a mass at a particular altar became in his time the recognized belief in Rome.‡ It was supposed that the two last kings of Portugal had died under sentence of excommunication. The Pope gave them posthumous absolution, on condition that their successor discharged their debts to the Church.§ It was he who simplified and cheapened the deliverance of souls in purgatory, and instituted the practices which Arcimboldus and Prierias, in an evil hour, set themselves to defend. The mass was not held necessary; to visit

the churches did as well.* Neither confession or contrition was required, but only money.† It came to be the official doctrine that a soul flew up to heaven as fast as the money chinked in the box.‡ Whoso questioned the rightfulness of the system was declared a heretic.§

By these measures in the spiritual order Alexander exercised vast influence over the future of the Catholic Church, whilst by his nepotism he caused the Papacy to become a political power in Italy. His nepotism is commonly explained by his desire to enrich his kindred. But there was more than this. There was the desire to put in the place of almost independent feudatories a prince who represented the person, and could be trusted to do the will, of the Pope, and to strengthen and sustain the Papacy by the introduction of an hereditary element. It is a wise saying of Guicciardini, that the Popes were badly served because their reigns were short, but that the Borgias proved what could be accomplished by a well-served Pope.|| It was a substitute for the security derived from dynastic interests and influence. There was vulgar nepotism in the solicitude of Alexander to heap wealth and titles on his obscurer sons and kinsmen. But Cæsar's career of conquest, the great reproach of the Borgias, was not a mere pursuit of mean and sordid objects: it belonged to a system of policy founded on reason and design, and pregnant with consequences not yet extinct.

* Pollicitus es, quod etiam iuramento forte dictorum oratorum sub nomine tuo confirmatum extitit, nunquam eandem compulsurum ad ritum Romane ecclesie suscipiendum: sed si sponte sua ad eandem Romanam ecclesiam venire vellet, libertati sue in hoc eam dimittere, que tua Nobilitas, quamvis vit . . . Volumus, teque oceramus, ut non obstantibus promissionibus et iuramentis predictis, quibus te nullatenus teneri tenore presentium declaramus, denno tentes, ac ea omnia agas, que tibi necessaria videbuntur quo eadem uxor tua, relicta pessima Ruthenorum secta, tandem respiciat. To Alexander of Lithuania, June 8, 1501. Per censuram ecclesiasticam et alia iuris remedia, etiam cum invocacione, si opus fuerit, brachii secularis, cogas et compellas . . . Concedens licentiam eidem Alexandro ipsam Helenam auctoritate nostra apostolica ex lecto, domo et omni maritali consorcio penitus excludendi, illamque pro meritis errorem suorum, etiam dotem et omnia alia bona eiusdem confiscata declarando, punias . . . Non obstantibus quibus vis promissionibus etiam iuramento firmatis. — To Bishop of Wilna: Thelner, *Monumenta Polonie*, ii. 288-290.

† Duke of Ferrara to Cardinal of Modena, January 1, 1501.

‡ It was officially affirmed by the legate Raymondus at the Jubilee of 1500.

§ Tibi per presentes committimus et mandamus ut Alfonso et Joannem, si in eorum obitu manifesta penitentie signa apparuerint, ab excommunicationis sententia necnon aliis censuris et penis ecclesiasticis si quas propterea incurrerunt . . . absolvas. — To Bishop of Oporto, July 3, 1502: *Corpo Diplomatico Portuguez*, i. 39.

* Quam Ecclesiam [Sti Laurentii] si quis visitaverit in omnibus diebus Mercurii per totum annum, habet a Deo et Sanctis Laurentio et Stephano istam gratiam extrahendi unam animam de purgatorio. — Raymondus in Amort, *De Origine Indulgentiarum*, ii. 283.

† Valde iniquum est quod pauper defunctus gravissimis peccatorum penis tantum affligatur, qui liberari possit per modica substantie parie, quam post se reliquit. . . . Neque in hoc casu erit opus contribuentibus esse corde contritos et ore confessos, cum talis gratia charitati, in qua defunctus decesserit, et contributioni viventis duntaxat imitatur. — Instructiones Arcimboldi, 1514: Kapp, *Urkunden*, iii. 190, 191.

‡ Predicator, animam que in Purgatorio detinetur, adstruens evolare in eo instanti, in quo penae factum est illud, gratia cuius plena venia datur, puta dejectus est aureus in pelvim, non hominem, sed meram et catholicam veritatem predicat. — Prierias, *Dialogus*, in Luther, *Opera Latina*, i. 357.

§ Qui circa indulgentias dicit, ecclesiam Romanam non posse facere id quod de facto facit, hereticus est. — Prierias, *ibid.*

|| Essendo comunemente di breve vita, non hanno molto tempo a fare uomini nuovi; non concorrono le ragioni medesime di potersi fidare de quelli che sono stati appresso allo antecessore . . . in modo che è pericolo non sano più infedeli e manco affezionati al servizio del padrone, che quelli che servono uno principe secolare. Dimostro quanto fassi grande la potenza di un pontefice, quando ha uno valente capitano e di chi si possa fidare. — Guicciardini, *Opere Inedite*, i. 87; iii. 304.

The secret of Cæsar's power over his father was not love but fear. Machiavelli saw that he really controlled the action of the pontiff, and advised the Florentines that they would obtain more by keeping an agent at Cesena than by their embassy at Rome;* but he did not discover the nature of the relations that existed between the father and the son. There was complicity, mutual dependence, even confidence, but not affection. The immense value which Alexander set on the advancement of his son, the perils and sacrifices he incurred to promote it, were not caused by family feelings. He spoke of Cæsar with the bitterness of aversion. He justified his resignation of the cardinal's hat, and his marriage, by saying that his presence among the clergy was enough to prevent their reformation.† When the Spanish and Portuguese ambassadors boldly reproached him with his nepotism, he answered helplessly, that Cæsar was terrible, and that he would give a quarter of his dominions to keep him from Rome.‡ At other times he complained that he could not be made to reside there,§ and that when he did, he allowed ambassadors to wait an audience for months, and turned night into day, so that it was doubtful whether, after his own death, his son would be found capable of keeping what he had got.|| The year before his death he said to an envoy who was trusted with his secret plans, that he hoped Cæsar's character would change, and that he would learn to tolerate advice.¶ Twelve months later, when he was at the height of his fortunes, Alexander was still lamenting that he would listen to nobody, that he made enemies everywhere, and all Italy cried out against him as a bastard and a traitor.** At last, when nothing else would restrain him from attacking Siena, the Pope threatened him with excommunication.††

When Alexander was dead, Cæsar

Borgia attempted to excuse himself by attributing his own acts to his father's will. He wrote to Ferdinand that he had sought the French alliance against his own wishes, in obedience to the Pope. He tried to conciliate the Duke of Urbino, the most tame and patient vassal of the Church, whom he had twice driven into exile. Cæsar knelt before him, pleaded his own youth, and cursed his father's soul, whose baseness had led him astray.*

One point of contrast between the two, which the Pope was in the habit of urging, is curious; for it does not turn quite to Cæsar's disadvantage. The Pope used to represent him as implacably cruel in punishing his enemies, and loved to dwell on his own generosity towards those who had injured or insulted him. In Rome, he said, speech was free, and he cared not for the things which were published against himself.† This praise was not quite hollow. That he was not excessively sensitive, that he could bear with adversaries, appears from the fact that he sent Ludovico di Ferrara to offer a cardinal's hat to Savonarola.‡ He did not proceed to extremities against him until Savonarola had written to the monarchs of Europe bidding them make a new Pope. Cæsar was capable of equal self-restraint, less from temperament than his father, and more from calculation. When by an act of consummate treachery he made himself master of Urbino, he published a general amnesty, and observed it even against his worst enemies.§ But he caused all those to be seized and punished who had betrayed their former master to him, showing, says the chronicler, that he hated the traitor though he loved the treason.||

It was said with truth that Alexander VI. succeeded beyond his designs.¶ When Cæsar stood at the head of a victorious army, the only Italian army in existence, the ambition of the Borgias soared to great heights. They were absolute in central Italy, where no Pope had exercised real direct authority for ages.** The king-

* Se ne ha contentare costui, e non il Papa, e per questo le cose che si concludessino dal Papa possono bene essere ritratte da costui, ma quello che si concludessino da costui non saranno già ritratte dal Papa.—Desp. Cesena, Dec. 14, 1502: *Opere*, v. 364.

† Una de las mas principales causas que dava, para que el Cardenal de Valencia dexasse el capelo era, porque siendo aquel Cardenal, mientras en la Iglesia estuviesse, era bastante para impedir que no se hiziesse la reformation.—Zurita, 126.

‡ Que bien conocia que era muy terrible: y que él daria la quarta parte del Pontificado, porque no bolviesse a Roma.—*Ibid.* 160.

§ Saraceni to Duke of Ferrara, Sept. 22, 1501.

¶ The same, Oct. 6.

|| Dicendomi Sua Santità che epsò Ilmo Sigr Duca era uno bello Signore, et che sperava mutaria natura, et se lasaria parlare.—The same, April 6, 1502.

** Constabli to Duke of Ferrara, Jan. 23, 1503.

†† The same, March 1, 1503.

* Incolpando la giovinu sua, il mali consigli suoi, le triste pratiche, la pessima natura del Pontefice, et qualche uno altro che l'haveva spirito a tale impresa; dilatandosi sopra el Pontefice, et maledicendo l'anima sua.—Letter from Rome in Ugolini, *Duchi d'Urbino*, li. 524.

† Constabli to Duke of Ferrara, February 1, 1502.

‡ Quétif et Echard, *Script. O. P.*, l. 8:3.

§ Ugolini, li. 111.

¶ Per dar ad intendere a tutti, che'l Signor over Signori hanno appacer del tradimento, ma non del traditore.—Priuli, July 6, 1502.

** Furono i successi suoi piu volte maggiori che i disegni.—Guicciardini, *Opere Inedite*, li. 304.

** Fu piu assoluto Signore di Roma che mai fusse stato papa alcuno (*Ibid.*) Donde viene che la Chi-

dom of Naples was the Pope's, to grant, to take away, or to distribute. Lucretia was married to the heir of Ferrara. A marriage was proposed between an infant Borgia and the Duke of Mantua. Cæsar possessed Piombino: he threatened Florence, Siena, Bologna, Ravenna, even Venice. He received tribute as condottiere from the chief independent States of Italy. The king of France offered Naples to the Pope.* The king of Aragon proposed that Cæsar should receive Tuscany, with the title of king.† Men spoke of him as the future emperor, and dreamed of Italy united and independent, under the sceptre of a papal dynasty.‡ Public expectation went at least as far as the secret hopes of Borgia. And it is certain that Cæsar, hateful as he was, and hated by the great families he had overthrown, was not disliked by the masses of the people whom he governed.§

It is not just to condemn the establishment of a powerful dynasty in Romagna as an act of treason against the rights of the Church. Though not done for her sake, it was not done at her expense. Cæsar was more powerful than Malatesta or Varano, but not practically more independent. Rome had derived little benefit from her suzerainty over the petty tyrants whose dominions were merged in the new duchy of Romagna, and incurred no positive loss by the change. In reality there was closer connection with Cæsar than with the vassals he had deposed, and more reliance to be placed in him. His fidelity was secured; for he could not maintain himself in opposition to the Pope. He had no friends in the other Italian States. Supported by the inexhaustible wealth of the Church, he could keep up an army which no power in Italy could resist; and the Papacy, assured of his fidelity, obtained for the first time a real material basis of independence. Before the French invasion

of 1494, the Italians had so little habit of serious warfare that the various States enjoyed a sort of inert immunity from attack.* The expedition of Charles VIII. showed how little there was of real security in the general proneness to inaction. By the aid of Cæsar Borgia the Papacy became a military power. That aid was purchased at a great price; but it was sure to be efficient.

The danger was not that the provinces would be alienated, but that the Papacy would fall under the sway of its formidable vassal. Alexander not only foresaw this result, but anxiously contrived to make it certain. He meant that his family should not relax their hold on the Church, to which they owed their elevation. He did not wish to weaken the staff on which they were obliged to lean. His purpose was not to dismember the State, but to consolidate part of it in such a way that his descendants should be the servants and yet the masters of his successors, and that a dynasty of Borgias should protect and should control the Papacy. There was ruin in the scheme, but not the obvious ruin commonly supposed. It was not inspired by religion or restrained by morality; but it was full of intelligent policy, of a worldly sort. Cæsar's principality fell to pieces; but the materials enabled Julius II. to build up the Roman State, which was destined to last so long. The Borgias had laid so firmly the foundations of their power, that the death of the Pope would not have shaken its stability if Cæsar had not been disabled for action at the moment when he was left to his own resources.†

Gregorovius, like Ranke, accepts the story that Alexander perished by poison which had been prepared for others. It was the common rumour. Two other guests at the fatal supper, Cæsar and Cardinal Adrian, were seized with illness at the same time, and the latter assured Giovio that he had been poisoned. This statement, recorded by Giovio, is the only evidence that positively supports the suspicion. The report arose before the Pope was dead, as soon as the sudden illness of the others became known.* But it was founded entirely on conjecture.

esa nel temporale sia venuta a tanta grandezza, conciossiachè da Alessandro indietro i potentati Italiani, e non solamente quelli che si chiamano potentati, ma ogni Barone e Signore, benchè minimo, quanto al temporale, la stimava poco; e ora un Rè di Francia ne trema.—Machiavelli, *Principe*: *Opere*, i. 66.

* Constabill to Duke of Ferrara, August 3, 1503.

† Zurita, 252.

‡ Nobody execrated the Borgias more than the Venetian chronicler Priuli. After the destruction of the Condottieri at Sinigaglia, he writes: Alcuni lo volevano far Re dell' Italia, e coronarlo, altri lo volevano far Imperator, perché prosperava talmente, che non era alcuno il bastasse l'animo d'impedirlo in cosa alcuna.—Jan. 11, 1503.

§ Aveva il Duca gittati assai buoni fondamenti alla potenza sua, avendo tutta la Romagna con il ducato di Urbino, e guadagnatosi tutti quei popoli, per avere incominciato a gustare il ben essere loro.—Machiavelli, *Principe*: *Opere*, i. 55.

* Chi aveva uno Stato era quasi impossibile lo perdessi.—Guicciardini, *Opere Inedite*, i. 109.

† Se nella morte di Alessandro fusse stato sano, ogni cosa gli era facile.—Machiavelli, *Principe*: *Opere*, i. 39.

‡ Per la qual infermità si giudicava fosse stato avvelenato, e questo perché etiam il giorno seguente il prefato Duca Valentino et il Card. s'erano buttati al letto con la febre.—Priuli, August 16, 1503.

Guicciardini, who did much to spread it, possessed no proof. He says that the story is confirmed by the fact that the Pope died within twenty-four hours.* In reality he died on the seventh day after

* Guicciardini, *Istoria d'Italia*, iii. 162. E che questa sia la verità, ne fa fede che lui morì o la notte medesima o il dì seguente.— *Opere Inedite*, iii. 302.

his attack. The witness who has been hitherto the principal authority proves therefore to have no evidence. There are almost daily accounts of the Pope's state between the 12th and the 18th of August, from Giustinian and Constabili. They suggest nothing more unusual than a violent Roman fever.

A BREACH OF ORDER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—What would follow upon the execution of the parliamentary threat that the words of an honorable member should be "taken down," or that he should be "named," has long been a mystery. A curious extract from the news column of the Exeter Gazette of the 8th of March, 1810, enables us to describe what did follow upon an occasion when both those direful threats were fulfilled. On the 6th of March, 1819, the House of Commons sat in committee to hear evidence in the inquiry into the Walcheren expedition. The Earl of Chatham was under examination, and one of the members of the House, Mr. Fuller, conceived that several questions he had put had not met with that attention which their importance justified. Accordingly, when the Earl of Chatham withdrew, Mr. Fuller rose and complained of the slight put upon him, adding, with an oath, "I have as much right to be heard as any man who has paid for filling the place he holds." The chancellor of the exchequer (Spencer Perceval, afterwards premier) moved "That the words of the honorable member should be taken down." The committee assenting, the words were taken down, and when the House resumed, Sir John Anstruther, chairman of the committee, reported the expression. The speaker then "informed the House" that "it had come to his knowledge" that a member had used unparliamentary language, which was a breach of the privileges of the honorable House. He felt deeply grieved, but it would become his duty to name him. Here the irrepressible Mr. Fuller came to the assistance of the speaker by shouting out, "Oh, you need not be diffident? It's me, Jack Fuller." This did not tend to lessen the gravity of Mr. Fuller's position, and the speaker sternly ordered him to withdraw. He declined, and it was only at the earnest solicitations of his friends that he eventually consented to leave the House. The chancellor of the exchequer then moved that Mr. Fuller be taken into custody by the sergeant-at-arms. The House cordially agreed with the motion, and the sergeant-at-arms was fully instructed to take the honorable member into his custody. But the House, as it presently discovered, had reckoned without

the honorable member. Mr. Fuller was found in the lobby, and upon the sergeant-at-arms communicating to him the nature of his delicate mission, he rushed past him into the House, and, interrupting the proceedings, declared in a loud voice that the speaker had no right or authority to order him into custody. Who was the speaker? And what was the speaker? Why, he was the servant of the members, and by their habit of submission to him they had made him their master. In order that there should be no mistake as to whom he referred to, Mr. Fuller, who appears to have been a gentleman of characteristically frank speech, added that he meant "the insignificant little fellow in the wig over there." This is the last of the observations offered by Mr. Fuller upon this interesting occasion that have come down to us. A free fight between the honorable member and the sergeant-at-arms, who had the assistance of four messengers, followed, and eventually Mr. Fuller was carried out of the House. "'Tis sixty years ago"; but we feel sure that no member of the present House of Commons can read without a shudder that the right honourable the speaker was once publicly referred to in the House as "the insignificant little fellow in the wig."

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE BUNYA-BUNYA (*Araucaria Bidwillii*), a native of the northern district of New South Wales, is of considerable interest, as being the only hereditary personal property possessed by the natives, who greedily devour the fruit, either raw, or roasted and made into cakes. This fruit is only plentiful every third year; and at the proper season the aborigines assemble in considerable numbers for the purpose of obtaining it. Each tribe has its own set of trees, and each family its particular individuals among them; and these are handed down from generation to generation. The right of ownership is almost universally respected; but occasional depredations occur, when a fight ensues, the sympathies of the bystanders going with the lawful proprietor.

Nature.

* CHAPTER XXXI.

In Rahnstadt, in the Frau Pastorin's house, there was great running up and down stairs, the day after Christmas, for Louise was putting the last touches to the arrangement of her father's room: and when she would think, now it was all ready, there was always something more that she must do for his comfort. Noon came; but her father had not yet arrived, although they expected him to dinner; she put a plate for him, however, for he might still come.

"I don't know," she said to the Frau Pastorin, "why my heart is so heavy to-day."

"What?" cried the little Frau, "only three months in the city, and already having premonitions, like a tea-drinking city lady? What has become of my fresh little country girl?" and she patted her daughter's cheek, affectionately.

"No," said Louise, taking the friendly hand, and holding it fast in her own, "I do not mind such vague presentiments, mine are unfortunately very definite misgivings, whether my father will feel contented here, in the loss of his usual occupations, and will accustom himself to city life."

"Child, you talk as if Rahnstadt were a Residence; no, — thank God! the geese go barefoot here, as well as in Pumpelhaven, and if your father takes pleasure in agricultural industry, he can see our neighbor on the right carting manure with two horses, and our neighbor on the left with three; and if he enjoys conversation about farming he has only to turn to our landlord, Kurz, who will talk to him about renting fields, and such matters, till he is as weary of them as we are."

Louise laughed, and as they rose from dinner, she said, "So, mother, now lie down and rest a little, and I will walk along the Gurlitz road, and perhaps I shall meet my father."

She wrapped her cloak around her, and tied a warm hood over her head, and went along the road, where she was constantly in the habit of walking, for it brought her nearer to the place where she had been so happy, and when she had time she walked as far as the little rising ground from which she could see Gurlitz, with the church, the parsonage, and the church-yard, and if she had still more time, she went on to see Lining and Gottlieb, and to talk with them of old and new times. She walked on and on, but her father came not, the east wind blew in her face, and colored her cheeks rosy red, till her lovely countenance looked

out of the dark hood like a bright spring day, when it shines out of dark rain-clouds, filling the world with joy and hope. But the water stood in her eyes; was that because of the east wind? Was it because she was looking so sharply along the road for her father? Was it because of her thoughts? No, it was not the east wind, for she had stopped, and was looking towards the west, and yet her eyes were full of tears; it was not from looking for her father, for she was gazing in the opposite direction, where the sun, like a ball of fire, was just sinking behind the black fir-trees; it must have been her thoughts. Such thoughts as, in joy and grief, play around a young heart, entwining it as with a wreath of roses, so that it rejoices in utter gladness, and again weeps bitterly, when the thorns of the rose-wreath wound it to bleeding. But why was she looking westward? Ah, she knew that he was there, who sent her from thence the dearest greetings.

"Westward, oh, westward fly, my keel,
Westward my heart aspires,
My dying eyes will look to thee,
Thou goal of my desires!"

The old rhyme whispered itself in her ear, and she stood there flushing rosy-red, full of sweet unrest over the secret power that spoke in her heart, like a bright spring day when it goes to rest, and the glowing clouds promise another fair day for the morrow.

She went farther, to the elevation where her father had stood, a couple of hours before, and tasted the bitterness with which his fellow-men had filled his cup; she stood there, looking towards Pumpelhaven and Gurlitz, and the love which she had received from her fellow-creatures, in these places, overflowed her heart, and the curses uttered in hatred and misery, by that poor old heart, were washed away from the tablets of the recording angel, by the daughter's prayers, and her tears of love and thankfulness.

It was a mile from Rahnstadt to Gurlitz, and the winter sun was near its setting; she must go home. Then she saw a man approaching from Gurlitz, it might be her father, she stood still awhile, looking; no, it was not her father! and she went on, but turned round again to look, and now perceived that it was Uncle Bräsig, who was hurrying up to her.

"God bless you, Louise! How? Why are you standing here, on the open road, in this bitter wind? Why don't you go in, and see the young folks at the parsonage?"

[* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Little & Gay, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.]

"No, Uncle Bräsig, not to-day. I merely came out to meet my father."

"What? Karl Habermann? Why, isn't he with you?"

"No, not yet."

"But he went through Gurlitz, this morning, about half past twelve."

"He has been here? Oh, where can he be?"

Bräsig remembered Habermann's agitated appearance, and, seeing the anxiety of his child, he tried to comfort her: "It is often the case with us farmers, we have one thing here, and another there, to attend to; possibly he has gone over to Gulzow, or possibly he may be already in Rahnstadt, attending to some business there. But I will go with you, my child," he added, "for I have business in Rahnstadt, and shall stay all night, and get back my three thalers from that sly rogue of a Kurz, the syrup-prince, which he won from me at boston. It is our club-day."

When they had gone a little way, they were met by a chaise from Rahnstadt. It contained Krischan Däsel and Dr. Strump. The doctor stopped, saying, "Have you heard? Herr von Rambow has met with an accident, with a fowling-piece; he has shot himself in the arm. But I have no time, the coachman was obliged to wait for me a great while; I was not at home. Go ahead!"

"What is this?" cried Louise. "Has my father left Pumpelbogen, when such an accident has just happened? He would not have done that."

"It may have occurred since he left," said Bräsig, but when he thought of Habermann's appearance that morning, he did not believe his own excuse. Louise grew more and more anxious, and hastened with quicker steps. Between her father's delay and the accident at Pumpelbogen she could find no probable connection, and yet it seemed to her that they must have something to do with each other.

Meanwhile, Habermann had arrived in Rahnstadt, at the Frau Pastorin's. He had turned off from the direct road, and made a circuit, until he could collect himself, that he might not appear before his child in such fearful excitement. As he entered the Frau Pastorin's door, he had indeed controlled himself, but the terrible conflict he had just fought out in his heart left a lassitude and weariness, which made him look ten years older, and could not but strike the little Frau immediately. She sprang up, letting the coffee boil over, which she was taking off, and cried:

"Good heavens! Habermann, what is the matter? Are you sick?"

"No—yes, I believe so. Where is Louise?"

"She went to look for you, didn't you meet her? But sit down! Bless me, how exhausted you look!"

Habermann sat down, and looked about the room, as if to see whether he were alone with the Frau Pastorin.

"Habermann, tell me, what ails you?" said the little Frau, grasping his cold hands in her own.

"It is all over with me; I must go through the world, henceforth, as a useless and dishonored man."

"Oh, no! no! Don't talk like that!"

"That the opportunity of working should be taken from me, I can bear, though it is hard; but that I should also lose my honest name, that pierces me to the heart, that I cannot bear."

"And who should take that from you?" asked the Frau Pastorin, looking him trustfully in the eyes.

"The people who know it best, the Herr von Rambow and his wife," said the old man, and began to tell the story with a weak, and often broken, voice; but when he came to the end, how the young Frau had also deserted him, had turned her back upon him, and let him go out of the door, as a thief and a traitor, then his anger broke out, he sprang from his chair, and walked up and down the room, with gleaming eyes and clenched fist, as if he were ready for combat with the wicked world.

"Oh," he cried, "if that were only all! But they have injured me more cruelly than they know, they have ruined my child's happiness along with mine. There! read it, Frau Pastorin!" and he gave her the letter from Franz. She read, the sheet trembling in her hand, so greatly had the story excited her, while he stood before her, and looked at her, without once turning away his eyes.

"Habermann," she said, grasping his hand, when she had read it, "don't you see the finger of God? The injury which one cousin has done you, shall be made up to you by the other."

"No, Frau Pastorin," said he sternly, "I should be the scoundrel which the world will henceforth deem me, if I could let a brave, trustful man take to his house a wife with a dishonored name. Poor and honest! For all I care! But dishonest? never!"

"Dear heart!" cried the little Frau, "where is my Pastor, now? If my Pas-

tor were only here! He could help and counsel us.

"That he could," said Habermann, to himself. "I cannot do it," he cried, "my child must decide for herself, and you must help her, you have done more to educate her sense of right and wrong, than I alas! have been able to do. If my child considers it right and honourable, in spite of everything, to accept his offer, if you yourself agree with her, then let it be! I will exert no influence in the matter, I will not see her, until she has decided. Here is a letter from Franz to her, give it to her, telling her, beforehand, what has happened; just as I have told you, is the truth. I will go up to my room; I cannot, I dare not touch a finger." He left the room, but came back again: "Frau Pastorin, consult her happiness only, have no regard for mine! Forget what I said before. I will do what I can to keep my dishonoured name in concealment."

He went out again, saying to himself as he mounted the stairs, "I cannot do otherwise, I cannot do otherwise." As he threw himself down on the sofa, in his little room, and everywhere about him saw the hand of his daughter, how she had arranged and ordered everything for his comfort, he put his hand over his eyes, and wept. "Shall I lose all this?" He sighed deeply. "And why not? why not? If it is for her happiness," he cried aloud, "I will never see her again!" The house-door opened, he heard Bräsig's voice, he heard the bright greeting of his child. All was still again, he listened for every sound. Now Frau Pastorin was telling what had happened, now his darling's heart was torn. Slowly there came steps up the stairs; Bräsig came in, looking as silent and composed as if death were walking over his grave, his eyebrows, which he generally raised so high when anything unusual occurred, lay deep and heavy over his eyes, he said nothing but "I know, Karl, I know all," and sat down by his friend, on the sofa.

So they sat long, in the half-twilight, and neither spoke; at last Bräsig grasped Habermann's hand: "Karl," said he, "we have known each other these fifty years. Don't you remember, at old Knickstadt's? What a pleasant youth we had! always contented and joyous! and, excepting a couple of foolish jokes that we played together, we have, upon the whole, nothing to reproach ourselves with. Karl, it is a comfortable sort of feeling, when one can look back upon old days, and say, 'Follies, to be sure, but nothing base!'"

Habermann shrank back, and drew his hand away.

"Karl," said Bräsig again, "a good conscience is a fine thing, when one is growing old, and it is noticeable, quite noticeable, how this good conscience stands by us when we are old, and will not leave us. Karl, my dear old boy!" and he fell upon Habermann's neck, and wept bitterly.

"Bräsig," said Habermann, "don't make my heart heavy, it is heavy enough already."

"Eh, how, Karl! How can your heart be heavy? Your heart is as pure as Job's; it should be as light as a lark, which mounts in the clear heavens; for this story of the infamous — no, I won't talk about that; I would say — Why, what were we talking about? Yes, so! about the conscience. It is a wonderful thing, about the conscience, Karl! For instance, there is Kurz, with his, for he has one, as well as you and I, and I suppose he will stand before God with it sometime; but before me he stands very badly, for he peeps at the cards, when we play boston; he has a sort of groschens-conscience; for, you see, in great things, he is quite correct, for example, in renting the house to the Frau Pastorin; but ell-wise, and pot-wise and pound-wise, he takes what he can get, he isn't at all ashamed, that is when he can get anything; when he don't get anything he is ashamed of himself. And let me tell you, Karl, if you live here, you must have a good deal of intercourse with him, and that pleasure will be a good deal like his conscience, for he is fond of discoursing about farming, and it is as if he were taking a drive for pleasure in a manure-cart. It will be no pleasure to you, and so I have thought, when I have seen our young pastor through his spring seed-time, and everything is in train, I will come over here to you, and we can cheer each other up a little; and then in harvest time, we can go out to Gurlitz, to keep the poor fellow from getting into difficulties; and he will not, for Jörn is a considerate fellow, and he himself begins, — thank God, — to do all sorts of useful things, with Lining's assistance. And when he has finished his first year, you shall see, he will be quite rid of his Pietistry, but we must let him struggle a little sometimes, that he may learn to know himself and the world, and find that there is something more in human life than to read psalm-books. Yes, and then I will come to you, Karl, and we will live as they do in Paris, and you shall see, Karl, this last quarter of our

lives shall be the best piece of the whole ox."

And he embraced him again, and talked of past times and future, alternately, like a mother trying to divert her child to other thoughts. The moon shone in at the window, and what can better heal a torn heart, than its soft light, and the love of an old, tried friend, who has been true to us? I always think that the bright, warm sunshine is more suitable for love, but with friendship, the moonlight harmonizes best.

While they were sitting thus, the door opened, and, with light step, a slender form entered the room, and remained standing, in the full moonlight, the arms crossed on her breast, and the white face gleaming in the moonshine, as if it were a statue of white marble, against a dark wall of yew-trees: "Was hat man Dir, Du armes kind, gethan?"*

Bräsig left the room, without speaking. Habermann covered his eyes with his hand as if something pierced him to his inmost heart. The slender form threw itself at his side, the folded arms opened to embrace him, and the white face pressed itself to his. For a long time, there was silence, at last the old man heard light, soft words breathed in his ear: "I know what you think right; I am your child—am I not? Your darling child."

Habermann threw his arm about his darling child.

"Father, father!" she cried, "we will not part! My other father, who is now with God, has told me how you would not be separated from me, when you were in the deepest trouble and sorrow, when the good laborer's wife wanted to keep me; now you are again in trouble and sorrow, would you be parted from me *now*? should I leave you *now*?" and she pressed him to her heart, saying softly, "thy name is my name, thy honor is my honor, thy life is my life."

Much was spoken, in the sweet moonlight, in the cozy little room, but of all this nothing shall be betrayed, for when a faithful father and a loving child talk thus together talk for their whole lives, our Lord himself is with them, and it is not for the world, 'tis for the two alone.

Down-stairs, in the Frau Pastorin's living-room, it was quite different. Frau Pastorin sat in her arm-chair, and cried bitterly; the dear, good Frau was quite

beside herself,—Habermann's misfortune had moved her deeply,—but when she must rouse this fearful conflict in the breast of her dear child, when she saw the struggle going on, and afterwards saw confidence and courage getting the mastery in that dear heart, in spite of wounds and sorrow, she felt as if she had maliciously destroyed the happiness of her child, and her poor heart was torn with self-reproach and sorrow and compassion, till she broke out into bitter weeping. Bräsig, on the contrary, had used up his compassion, he had done his utmost, when with Habermann, to keep back his wrath against the wretchedness of mankind, and when he came down to the Frau Pastorin, and, in the darkness, was not aware of her distress, he broke loose:

"Infamous pack of Jesuits! What? Such a man as Karl Habermann, would you destroy his honor and reputation? It is like Satan himself! It is as if one held the cat, and the other stabbed it. Curses on them——"

"Bräsig, Bräsig, I beseech you," cried the little Frau Pastorin, "stop this unchristian behavior!"

"Do you call that unchristian behavior? It seems to me like a song of the holy angels in Paradise, if I compare it with the scurvy tricks of this pack of Jesuits."

"Bräsig, we are not the judges of these people."

"I know very well, Frau Pastorin, I am not the magistrate, and you are not in the judge's chair, but when a toad hops across my path, you cannot expect me to look upon it as a beautiful canary bird. No, Frau Pastorin, toads are toads, and Zamel Pömuchelskopp is the chief toad, who has spit his venom upon us all. What do you say to his chicanery that he has contrived against me? You see, in the one foot-path, which has led to the pastor's acre, for this thousand years, so far as I know, he has had a stake put up, so that we cannot go there, and he sent word to me that if I went there, he would have my boots pulled off, and let me go hopping about in the snow, like a crow. Do you call that a Christian disposition? But I will complain of him. Shall such a fellow as that liken me to a crow? And Pastor Gottlieb must complain of him. How can he forbid him the foot-path? And young Jochen must complain of him, for he has said openly, young Jochen was an old blockhead, and young Jochen is not obliged to put up with that. And you must complain of him, because he would not build a widow-house, since all the

* Mignon's song: "Poor child, what have they done to thee?"

people have told me there must be Acts about it. And Karl Habermann must complain of the young Herr. We must organize revolution against the Jesuits, and if I can have my way, we will all drive to-morrow, in a carryall, to Gustrów, to the court of justice, and complain of the whole company, and we will take along five advocates, so that each may have one, and then, hurrah for a lawsuit!"

If he had known that Louise had suffered most from the Jesuits, he might have proposed taking another advocate for her; but as yet, he had no suspicion of her troubles. Frau Pastorin tried to pacify him, but it was not an easy task, he wanted to turn everything topsy-turvy, and the misfortunes of his old friend had so agitated his heart, that the troubles which usually lay in its depths, the farm-boy angers, and the card-playing vexations, all came to the surface. "I came over here," said he, "to amuse myself, since it was club-day, and to win back my three thalers from that old toad of an evil-doer, that Kurz, which he got out of me with his infamous cheating, and now the devil must hold his confounded spy-glass before my eyes, and bring all the wickedness of the world right into the neighborhood. Well, I call that amusing! And Frau Pastorin, if you don't think ill of it, I might spend the night here with you, for this stupid game of boston will come to nothing, and it would be a good thing for me to sleep with Karl, because he needs somebody to cheer him up."

Frau Pastorin said she should be glad to have him stay, and the evening was spent in maledictions on his side, and efforts at pacification upon hers. Habermann and Louise did not appear, and when Bräsig went up to his old friend, Louise was no longer there.

The next morning Bräsig took leave of his old friend, with these words:

"Rely upon it, Karl, I will drive to Pumpelhaven, myself, and look after your affairs. You shall get everything, though it makes me creep all over, to cross a threshold where you have been thrust out so infamously."

The same morning, Habermann sat down and wrote to Franz; he told him truly and circumstantially what had happened lately in Pumpelhaven, he wrote of the dreadful conclusion the matter had arrived at, and informed him of the shameful suspicions which had fallen upon him, and finished with the statement that he and his child were of one mind, they must refuse his offer. He wanted to write

warmly and heartily of the friendship which he felt for the young man, but he could not speak freely, as before, he seemed constrained. At last he begged him earnestly, to leave him and his child to themselves; they two must bear their fate, alone.

Louise wrote also, and when, towards evening, the Frau Pastorin's maid took the letter to the post, she stood at the window, and looked after her, as if she had taken leave of her dearest friend in the world forever. She looked at the sun, which was going down in the west, and murmured, "My dying eyes shall look to thee, thou goal of my desires." But she did not turn red as yesterday, she stood there pale, and, as the last rays of the sun disappeared behind the houses, a deep sigh rose from her oppressed heart, and as she turned away bitter tears flowed down her pale cheeks. The tears flowed not for her lost happiness, no, for his.

As Bräsig came to the parsonage, the young Frau Pastorin met him at the door; "God bless you, Uncle Bräsig, I am glad you have come here,—no, not here, in Pumpelhaven there are dreadful stories. Dr. Strump has been here,—our Jörn was taken sick suddenly, last night, he was delirious,—and I ran for the doctor, who had been at Pumpelhaven, to speak to him as he passed through the village,—and he told me dreadful things,—not he, properly speaking, he only let himself be questioned, but his coachman told me that—ah, come in, it blows so out here!" and she drew him into the house. Here she told him all that the people said, that her dear Uncle Habermann had shot Axel, and had gone off, nobody knew where, but probably to take his own life. Bräsig comforted her with news that Habermann was alive, and told her about the shooting, then inquired how it was with the young Herr, and learned that Dr. Strump did not think it a dangerous case. He then went to see Jörn, who apparently had an attack of pneumonia. By this time, it was noon, and he must pursue his journey to Pumpelhaven, to attend to Habermann's affairs, and must also look out for another coachman. He inquired about in the village, but nobody would go to drive, and help him to load the goods; one had this, another that excuse, and finally he resolved to play coachman himself, when old Ruhrdanz, the weaver, said, "Well, it is all one to me, what he says to it; if he wants to chicane me, he may. I will drive you, Herr Inspector."

Bräsig made no objections, being very

glad to find some one to help him with the loading, and they drove off.

"Ruhrdanz," asked Bräsig, "what did you mean by chicaning?"

"Why, Herr, he has forbidden us all to do anything for the folks at the parsonage; we must not even take a step for them."

"Who has forbidden you?"

"Eh, he, our Herr Pomuchelskopp."

"Infamous Jesuit!" said Bräsig to himself.

"If we did so, he told us, we might fodder our cows next winter on sawdust, he wouldn't give us a handful of hay or straw, and we might build with bricks, for he would give us no wood or turf."

Bräsig turned dark with anger, but the old man was fairly launched, and went on, under full sail:

"And we must be always ready for him, night or day. I was out for him, the whole holiday, and got home last night, at ten o'clock."

"Where did you go?"

"Eh, to Ludswigslust, to the old railroad."

"What had you to do there?"

"Eh, I had nothing to do there."

"But you must have had business there."

"Why, yes, I had business; but it came to nothing, for he had no papers."

"Well, what was it, then?"

"You see, he sent down from the Court, I should drive a ram down to the old railroad; well, I did so, and we got there all right. There was a fellow standing at the station; he let me pass, and I said to him, 'Good morning,' says I, 'here he is.' 'Who?' he asked. 'The ram,' says I. 'What of him?' says he. 'Well, I don't know,' says I. 'Has he any papers?' asked he. 'No,' says I, 'he hasn't any papers.' 'Blockhead,' says he, 'I asked if he had any papers.' 'No,' says I, 'I told you before, the ram has no papers.' 'Thunder and lightning!' says he, 'I asked if he himself had any papers.' 'What?' says I, 'if I? What do I want of papers? I was to deliver him here.' You see, the fellow was undecided, and first he turned me out, and then he put out the old ram after me, and there we both stood by the train. Huiüü! said the old thing, and then it went off, and we stood there, he had no papers, and I had no papers, and what should I do about it? I loaded him in again, and drove back home. And when I went up to the house, last evening,

there was a great uproar, and I thought our Herr would eat me up, he flew at me so. But what did I know? If he must have papers, he should have given them to somebody. But so much I know, if our Herr were not such a great Herr, and if he hadn't such a stiff backbone, and if we all held together, we would try a tussle with him. And his old Register of a wife is a thousand times worse than himself. Didn't she beat my neighbor Kapphingsten's girl half dead, last spring? She beat the girl three times with a broomstick, and shut her up in the shed, and starved her, and why? Because a hawk had carried off a chicken. Was it her fault that the hawk carried off the chicken, and was it my fault that he had given me no papers?"

Bräsig listened to all this, and, though yesterday he wanted to start a revolution against Pomuchelskopp, to day he kept perfectly still, for he would never have forgiven himself, if he had, by a thoughtless word, excited the people against their master.

They came to Pumpelshagen, and drove up to the farm-house door. With a great leap, Fritz Triddelsitz came out of the house to Bräsig: "Herr Inspector, Herr Inspector! I truly could not help it, Marie Möller packed the book up, through an oversight, and when I went to change my clothes, in Demmin, there was the book."

"What book?" asked Bräsig hastily.

"Good gracious! Habermann's book, that all this uproar has been about."

"And that book," said Bräsig, catching Fritz by the collar, and shaking him, till his teeth chattered in his head, "you infamous greyhound, did you take that book to Demmin with you?" and he gave him a push towards the door: "In with you! Bring me the book!"

With fear and trembling, Fritz brought out the book; Bräsig snatched it from his hand. "Infamous greyhound! Do you know what you have done? The man who in his kindness and love has tried to make a man of you, who has covered all your stupidities with a silken mantle, you have ruined, you have brought into this shameful quarrel."

"Herr Inspector, Herr Inspector!" cried Fritz, deadly pale, "Oh, Lord! it wasn't my fault, Marie Möller packed up the book, and I rode from Demmin to-day, in two hours, to bring it back again as soon as possible."

"Marie Möller!" cried Bräsig, what have you to do with Marie Möller? Oh,

* The third person singular is used in addressing inferiors. "Hat *Her* kein Pappren."

if I were your Herr Father, or your Frau Mother, or even your Frau Aunt, I would lash you till you ran like a squirrel along the wall. What have you to do with that old goose of a Marie Möller? And do you think to make up for your stupidity by galloping over the public road? Shall the innocent beast suffer for your fault? But come now, come before the board! Come before the judgment seat, to the gracious Frau! You shall tell her how it has all happened, and then you can go and parade with Marie Möller."

And with that, he went off, and Fritz followed slowly behind, his heart full of misgivings.

"Announce me, with the young man, to the gracious Frau," said Bräsig, to Daniel Sadenwater, when they came to the porch, and he pointed to Fritz. Daniel made a sort of half-grown bow, and went. Fritz stood there, like butter in the sun, making a face, which came very readily to him, since his days at Parchen, because he used to make it when there was a conference of teachers, and his misdeeds came up for judgment. Bräsig stood bent up in the corner, with the book under his arm, and tugged alternately at his left and right boot-straps, that his yellow tops might appear to the best advantage. When the gracious Frau came, and went into the living-room, he followed her, quite red from the stooping and his excitement, and Fritz, very pale, went in behind him.

"You wished to speak to me, Herr Inspector?" asked the young Frau, looking now at Bräsig, and now at Triddelsitz.

"Yes, gracious Frau, but I would first beg you graciously to hear what this apothecary's son, this — infamous greyhound," — he was going to say, but restrained himself — "young man has to say, he has a fine story to tell you."

The young Frau turned a questioning glance upon Fritz, and the old fellow began to stammer out his story, growing first red, and then pale, and told it pretty much as it happened, only that he left out Marie Möller's name, ending with, "And so the book came, by an oversight, into my travelling bag."

"Out with Marie Möller!" cried Bräsig, "the truth must finally come to light!"

"Yes," said Fritz, "Marie Möller packed it up; I had so much to do that day."

The young Frau was greatly disturbed. "So it was all only an unhappy accident?"

"Yes, gracious Frau, it was so," said Bräsig, "and here is the book, and here,

on the last page, is Habermann's account, and there are four hundred thalers due him, beside his salary, and it is right, and balances, for Karl Habermann never makes mistakes, and when we were boys he used to excel me myself, in the accuracy of his reckoning."

The young Frau took the book with trembling hand, and as she, without thinking of it, noticed the sum total on the last page, the thought shot confusedly through her mind, Habermann was innocent of this charge, why not of the other, in which she had never believed? Fritz's story could not be an invention, and she had done the man the bitterest injustice; but he had shot her husband! In that, she found a sort of excuse, and she said, "But for God's sake, how could he shoot at Axel?"

"Gracious Frau," said Bräsig, raising his eyebrows very high, and putting on his most serious expression, "with your favor, those are abominable lies; the young Herr took aim at him, and as Habermann was trying to wrest the gun from him, it went off, and that is the whole truth, and I know all about it, because he told me himself, and he never lies."

Dear heart, she knew that, and she knew also, that so much could not be said of her husband; at the first, in his first excitement, he had said, "He is not a murderer," but since then, he had constantly affirmed that Habermann had shot him. She sat down, and laid her hand over her eyes, and tried to take counsel with herself; but it was of no use; she collected herself with an effort, and said, "You have come, I suppose, to receive the money for the inspector; my husband is suffering, I cannot disturb him now, but I will send it."

"No, gracious Frau, I did *not* come for that," said Bräsig, drawing himself up, "I came here to tell the truth, I came here to defend my old friend, who was my playmate sixty years ago."

"You have no need to do that, if your friend has a good conscience, and I believe he has."

"I see, by this remark, gracious Frau, that you know human nature very poorly. Man has two consciences, the one inside of him, and that no devil can take from him, but the other is outside of him, and that is his good name, and that any scamp may take from him, if he has the power, and is clever enough, and can kill him before the world, for man lives not for himself alone, he lives also for the world.

And these wicked rumors are like the thistles, that the devil and his servants sow in our fields, they stand there, and the better the soil is the bigger they grow, and they blossom and go to seed, and when the top is ripe, then comes the wind,—no man knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth,—and it carries the down from the thistle-top all over the field, and next year the whole field is full of them, and men stand there and scold, but no one will take hold and pull up the weeds, for fear of getting his fingers pricked. And you, gracious Frau, have also been afraid of pricking your fingers, when you let my old friend be driven out of your house, as a traitor and a thief, and I wanted to tell you that, and to tell you that that hurt my Karl Habermann the worst of all. And now farewell! I have nothing more to say." With that, he left the room, and Fritz followed him.

And Frida? Where was the bright young wife with her clear eyes and sound understanding, who looked at everthing so sensibly and quietly? This was not the same woman, the cool, intelligent composure had changed to restless agitation, and before the clear eyes lay a shadow, which hindered her from looking about her. "Ah," she exclaimed, "untrue again! All these suspicions are merely the progeny of lies, of self-deception and the most unmanly weakness! And my distress for him, my love for him, must make me a sharer in his wrong, I must give a deadly wound to this honest heart that loved me so truly! But I will tell him!"—she sprang up,—*"I will tear away this web of lies!"* but she sank down again, in weakness; "no, not yet; I cannot; he is too ill." Ah, she was right; insincerity and falsehood surround in a wide circle even the most upright heart, and come nearer and nearer, and draw it into the whirlpool, till it no longer knows whether it is out or in, when cool composure is lost, and considerate thought is absorbed in fear or hope.

When Bräsig came to his wagon, Ruhrdanz, with the help of Krischan Däsel and others, had packed nearly all the goods, and what was left soon found a place. Bräsig was getting into the wagon by Ruhrdanz, when Fritz Triddelsitz held him fast: "Herr Inspector, I beg of you, tell Herr Habermann that I am innocent, that I couldn't help it."

Bräsig would have made no answer, but when he saw Fritz's sorrowful face, he pitied him, and said, "Yes, I will tell him; but you must reform." Then he drove off.

"Herr Inspector," said Ruhrdanz, after a little while, "it is none of my business, and perhaps I should not speak of it; but who would have thought it—I mean about Herr Habermann."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing,—I only mean that he should go off so suddenly, and then this shooting."

"Eh, that is all stuff and nonsense," said Bräsig, in vexation.

"So I said, Herr Inspector; but the groom Krischan, he stood there, as we were packing, and he said that the whole disturbance came from the confounded papers, because Herr Habermann had no regular papers to show. Yes, so I say, the confounded papers!"

"Habermann's papers are all right."

"Yes, so I say, Herr Inspector, but about the shooting! Our young Herr Gustaving was telling about it this morning, all over the village."

"Gustaving," cried Bräsig in his wrath, "is a rascal of a puppy! a puppy who has not yet got his eyes open."

"So I say, and don't take it evil of me, Herr Inspector; but he is the best of the lot, up at the Court. For, you see, there is the old—well, Orndt's nephew was here last week, and he came from Prussia to Anclam, and he said that our Herr always had human skin on his stick, he banged the people about so; but the Prussians wouldn't put up with him, and the people went to the Landgrafenamt, or to the Landrathenamt,—I don't know what the old thing is called,—and complained of him, and the Landgraf turned him out in disgrace. I wish we had such a Landgraf in our neighbourhood, for the court of justice is too far off."

"Yes," said Bräsig hastily, "if you had such a Landrath as that, you would have something rare."

"So I say, Herr Inspector, but once he went rather too far, for he beat a woman who was in the family way, and injured her severely, and, you won't take it ill of me, Herr Inspector, but I think that was a great crime. Then they complained of him to the king, and he commanded that he should be imprisoned in Stettin for life, and drag balls after him. Well, then, his old woman went to the king, and fell down on her knees to him, and the king let him out, on condition that he should wear an iron ring round his neck, all his life long, and every autumn he should drag balls, for four weeks, in Stettin,—he was there this last autumn,—and that he should leave the country; and so he came

here; but now tell me, Herr Inspector, if he should be driven away from here, where could he go?"

"Where the pepper grows, for all I care," said Bräsig.

"Yes, so I say, Herr Inspector; but don't take it ill of me, I don't believe they would take him there; for, you see, he has money enough to buy a place, but how about his papers? For when the king comes to see his papers, and he reads that he must wear an iron ring on his neck, and that that is the reason he always wears such a great thick neck-cloth, then they will have nothing to do with him."

"Eh, then you will have to keep him," said Bräsig.

"Well, if there is no other way, then

we must keep him; he is, so to speak, married to us. Get up!" he cried, and drove at a trot, through Guriltz; and Bräsig fell into deep thought. How strangely things went in the world! Such a fellow, who had such a reputation, was yet in circumstances to ruin an honest man's good name; for he was quite certain that Pomuchelskopp was at the bottom of all the stories, and that he had taken pains to set them in circulation was evident from Gustaving's share in the matter.

"It is scandalous," he said to himself, as he got down, in Rahnstadt, at the Frau Pastorin's, "but take care, Zamel! I have taken one trick from you, with the pastor's acre, I shall get another; but first I must complain of you, about the 'crow!'"

If the day ever comes when France finds herself really able and willing to "cultivate the arts of peace" she will do well to direct her attention to colonization. She has somehow so mismanaged matters that although favoured with many chances, she has never yet succeeded in establishing herself comfortably on any of the territories that have at different times come into her possession. Chateaubriand in his "Travels in America" calls attention to this weakness. "We possessed here," he says, "vast territories which might have offered a home to the excess of our population, an important market to our commerce, a nursery to our navy. Now we are forced to confine in our prisons culprits condemned by the tribunals for want of a spot of ground on which to place these wretched creatures. We are excluded from the New World where the human race is recommencing. The English and Spanish language serves to express the thoughts of many millions of men in Africa, in Asia, in the South Sea Islands, on the continent of the two Americas; and we, disinherited of the conquests of our courage and our genius, hear the language of Racine, of Colbert, and of Louis XIV. spoken merely in a few hamlets of Louisiana and Canada, under a foreign sway. There it remains, as it were, for an evidence of the reverses of our fortune and the errors of our policy. Thus, then, has France disappeared from North America like those Indian tribes with which she sympathized, and some of the wrecks of which I myself beheld." It is melancholy to observe that although one or two neighbours step in with a few cheering words to console France in her present troubles, she has no grown-up children to weep for and sympathize with their mother. Algeria may shed a few crocodile tears, but not of a nature to bring much consolation. It is only just, however, to Pondicherry to observe that for a small town it

has shown great good feeling. We learn by the Madras mail that when the telegram arrived announcing that Count Bismarck had asked for the cession of Pondicherry, great consternation prevailed in the place. A messenger was sent to the Governor at Le Grand Etang, who immediately came into town, and summoned a council of the authorities, at which it was decided to call a public meeting of the inhabitants to sign a protest against being handed over to Prussia, which was to go forward by the next mail. By this time the anxiety of the Pondicherrians will be relieved, but on the occasion of the next war they will do well to keep themselves as much out of sight as possible. The *Madras Mail*, speaking on the assumption that the rumour of the cession of Pondicherry was correct, says that had the inhabitants remained perfectly quiet during the war, their existence might have been ignored as heretofore, but having set about buying up all the coal in India and making a fuss about their insignificant fortifications, they attracted the attention of the voracious Chancellor, who determined to gobble up the settlement. Little people can commit no greater mistake than to make themselves conspicuous in times of general disturbance. Pondicherry has this time been only talked about, but its narrow escape should make it more cautious in future, or one of these days it will be annexed to a certainty.

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE famous Bishop Burnet, like many authors of later days, was very partial to tobacco, and always smoked while he was writing. In order to combine the two operations with due comfort to himself, he would bore a hole through the broad brim of his large hat, and putting his long pipe through it, puffed and wrote, and wrote and puffed, with philosophical calmness.

From The Forthnightly Review.
DE QUINCEY.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

LITTLE more than eleven years ago there passed from among us a man who held a high and very peculiar position in English literature. For seventy-three years De Quincey had been carrying on an operation, which, for want of a better term, we must describe as living, but which would be more fitly described by some mode of speech indicating an existence on the confines of dreamland and reality. In 1821 he first published the work with which his name is most commonly associated, and at uncertain intervals he gave tokens to mankind of his continued presence on earth. What his life may have been in the intervals seems to have been unknown even to his friends. He began by disappearing from school and from his family, and seems to have fallen into the habit of temporary eclipses. At one moment he dropped upon his acquaintance from the clouds; at another he would vanish into utter darkness for weeks or months together. One day he came to dine with Christopher North, — so we are told in the professor's life, — was detained for the night by a heavy storm of rain, and prolonged his impromptu visit for a year. During that period his habits must have been rather amazing to a well-regulated household. His wants, indeed, were simple, and, in one sense, regular; a particular joint of mutton, cut according to a certain mathematical formula, and an ounce of laudanum made him happy for a day. But in the hours when ordinary beings are awake, he was generally to be found stretched in profound opium-slumbers upon a rug before the fire, and it was only about two or three in the morning that he gave unequivocal symptoms of vitality, and suddenly gushed forth in streams of wondrous eloquence to the supper parties detained for the purpose of witnessing the display. That is the most distinct glimpse I have caught of the living De Quincey. Between these irregular apparitions we are lastly given to understand that his life was so strange that its details would be incredible. What these incredible details may have been, I have no means of knowing. It is enough that he was a strange, unsubstantial being, flitting uncertainly about in the twilight regions of society, emerging by fits and starts into visibility, afflicted with a general vagueness as to the ordinary duties of mankind, and always and everywhere taking much more opium than was good for him. He tells us, indeed, that he broke off his overmas-

tering habit by vigorous efforts; as he also tells us that opium is a cure for most grievous evils, and especially saved him from an early death by consumption. It is plain enough, however, that he never really refrained for any length of time; and perhaps we should congratulate ourselves on a propensity, unfortunate, it may be, for its victim, but leading to the Confessions as one collateral result.

The only fact of De Quincey's career, in which we may conceive ourselves to be treading the firm ground of fact, is the early period described in his various autobiographical writings. If we could evaporate the gorgeous rhetoric and the diffuse discussions of irrelevant topics, of which they are chiefly composed, we might perhaps come upon a residuum of solid dates and facts. Setting aside, however, the difficulty of discriminating the facts from fancies, we should not learn much that is of importance. That he was the son of a rich merchant, who left him an orphan at an early age; that he lived in a suburb now swallowed up by the advance of Manchester; that he was sent to school, and proved so bright that he became a prodigy of Greek scholarship; that he quarrelled with his guardians, ran away to Wales, and afterwards led for a time a strange, incognate existence amongst outcasts and thievish attorneys in London, is pretty well all that we are told. From other sources, it seems that he ought to have taken a brilliant degree at Oxford in the same year with Sir Robert Peel, but that he decamped in a sudden panic before the end of the examination. It is plain enough that before his opium excesses he was the victim of a morbid temperament, and little calculated to struggle with the prosaic hardships of life. He gives thanks himself for four circumstances. He rejoices that his lot was cast in a rustic solitude; that that solitude was in England; that his "infant feelings were moulded by the gentlest of sisters," instead of "horrid pugilistic brothers;" and that he and his were members of "a pure, holy, and" (the last epithet should be emphasized) "magnificent Church." The thanksgiving is characteristic, for it indicates his naive conviction that his admiration was due to the intrinsic merits of the place and circumstances of his birth, and not to the accident that they were his own. It would be useless to inquire whether a more bracing atmosphere and a less retired spot might have been more favourable to his talents; but we may trace the influence of these conditions of his early life upon his subsequent career.

De Quincey implicitly puts forward a claim which has been accepted by many competent critics. They declare, and he tacitly assumes, that he is a master of the English language. He claims a sort of infallibility in deciding upon the precise use of words and the merits of various styles. But he explicitly claims something more. He declares that he has used language for purposes to which it has hardly been applied by any prose writers. The Confessions of an Opium-eater and the *Suspiria de Profundis* are, he tells us, "modes of impassioned prose, ranging under no precedents that I am aware of in any literature." The only confessions that have previously made any great impression upon the world are those of St. Augustine and of Rousseau; but, with one short exception in St. Augustine, neither of those compositions contains any passion, and, therefore, De Quincey stands absolutely alone as the inventor and sole performer on a new musical instrument—for such an instrument is the English language in his hands. He belongs to a genus in which he is the only individual. The novelty and the difficulty of the task must be his apology if he fails, and causes of additional glory if he succeeds. He alone of all human beings who have stained paper since the world began, has entered a path, which the absence of rivals proves to be encumbered with some unusual obstacles. The accuracy and value of so bold a claim require a short examination. After all, every writer, however obscure, may contrive by a judicious definition to put himself into a solitary class. He has some peculiarities which distinguish him from all other mortals. He is the only journalist who writes at a given epoch from a particular garret in Grub Street, or the only poet who is exactly six feet high and measures precisely forty-two inches round the chest. Any difference whatever may be applied to purposes of classification, and the question is whether the difference is, or is not, of much importance. By examining, therefore, the propriety of De Quincey's view of his own place in literature, we shall be naturally led to some valuation of his distinctive merits. In deciding whether a bat should be classed with birds or beasts, we have to determine the nature of the beast and the true theory of his wings. And De Quincey, if the comparison be not too quaint, is like the bat, an ambiguous character, rising on the wings of prose to the borders of the true poetical region.

De Quincey, then, announces himself as an impassioned writer, as a writer in im-

passioned prose, and, finally, as applying impassioned prose to confessions. The first question suggested by this assertion concerns the sense of the word "impassioned." There is very little of what one ordinarily means by passion in the Confessions or elsewhere. There are no explosions of political wrath, such as animate the Letters on a Regicide Peace, or of a deep religious emotion, which breathes through many of our greatest prose-writers. The language is undoubtedly a vehicle for sentiments of a certain kind, but hardly of that burning and impetuous order which we generally indicate by impassioned. It is deep, melancholy reverie, not concentrated essence of emotion; and the epithet fails to indicate any specific difference between himself and many other writers. The real peculiarity is not in the passion expressed, but in the mode of expressing it. De Quincey resembles the story-tellers mentioned by some Eastern travellers. So extraordinary is their power of face, and so skilfully modulated are the inflections of their voices, that even a European, ignorant of the language, can follow the narrative with absorbing interest. One may fancy that if De Quincey's language were emptied of all meaning whatever, the mere sound of the words would move us, as the lovely word Mesopotamia moved Whitefield's hearer. The sentences are so skilfully constructed, that his finer passages fix themselves in the memory without the aid of metre. Humbler writers are content if they get through a single phrase without producing a decided jar. They aim at keeping up a steady jog-trot, which shall not give actual pain to the jaws of the reader. They no more think of weaving whole paragraphs or chapters into complex harmonies, than an ordinary pedestrian of "going to church in a galliard and coming home in a coranto." Even our great writers generally settle down to a stately but monotonous gait, after the fashion of Johnson or Gibbon, or are content with adopting a style as transparent and inconspicuous as possible. Language, according to the common phrase, is the dress of thought; and that dress is the best, according to modern canons of taste, which attracts least attention from its wearer. De Quincey scorns this sneaking maxim of prudence and boldly challenges our admiration by appearing in the richest colouring that can be got out of the dictionary. His language deserves a commendation sometimes bestowed by ladies upon rich garments, that it is capable of standing up itself.

The form is so admirable that, for purposes of criticism, we must consider it as something apart from the substance. The most exquisite passages in De Quincey's writings are all more or less attempts to carry out the idea expressed in the title of the dream fugue. They are intended to be musical compositions, in which words have to play the part of notes. They are impassioned, not in the sense of expressing any definite sentiment, but because, from the structure and combination of the sentences, they harmonize with certain phases of emotion.

Now in all this it is plain that the peculiar characteristic of De Quincey is merely that he is attempting to do in prose what every great poet does in verse. The specific mark thus indicated is still insufficient to give him a solitary position among writers. All great rhetoricians, as De Quincey defines and explains the term, rise to the borders of poetry, and the art which has recently been cultivated among us under the name of word-painting, may be more fitly described as an attempt to produce poetical effects without the aid of metre. From most of the writers described under this rather unpleasant phrase he differs by the circumstance, that his art is more nearly allied to music than to painting. Or, if compared to any painters, it must be to those who care comparatively little for distinct portraiture or dramatic interest. He resembles rather the school which is satisfied in contemplating gorgeous draperies, and graceful limbs and long processions of imposing figures, without caring to interpret the meaning of their works, or to seek for more than the harmonious arrangement of form and colour. In other words, his prose-poems should be compared to the paintings which aim at an effect analogous to that of stately pieces of music. Milton is the poet whom he seems to regard with the sincerest admiration; and he apparently wishes to emulate the majestic rhythm of the "God-gifted organ-voice of England." Or we may perhaps admit some analogy between his prose and the poetry of Keats, though it is remarkable that he speaks with very scant appreciation of his contemporary. The Ode to a Nightingale, with its marvellous beauty of versification and the dim associations half-consciously suggested by its language, surpasses, though it resembles, some of De Quincey's finest passages; and the Hyperion might have been translated into prose as a fitting companion for some of the opium dreams. It is in the success

with which he produces such effects as these, that De Quincey may fairly claim to be almost, if not quite, unrivalled in our language. Pompous (if that word may be used in a good sense) declamation in prose, where the beauty of the thought is lost in the splendour of the style, is certainly a rare product. Of the great rhetoricians whom De Quincey quotes in the Essay on Rhetoric just noticed, such men as Burke and Jeremy Taylor lead us to forget the means in the end. They sound the trumpet as a warning, not for the mere delight in its volume of sound. Perhaps his affinity to Sir Thomas Browne is more obvious; and one can understand the admiration which he bestows upon the opening bar of a passage in the *Urn-burial*:—"Now since these bones have rested quietly in the grave under the drums and trappings of three conquests," &c., "What a melodious ascent," he exclaims, "as of a prelude to some impassioned requiem breathing from the pomps of earth and from the sanctities of the grave! What a *fluctus decumanus* of rhetoric! Time expounded, not by generations or centuries, but by vast periods of conquests and dynasties; by cycles of Pharaohs and Ptolemies, Antiochi and Arsacides! And these vast successions of time distinguished and figured by the uproars which revolve at their inaugurations; by the drums and trappings rolling overhead upon the chambers of forgotten dead—the trepidations of time and mortality raising, at secular intervals, the everlasting sabbaths of the grave!"

The comment is seeking to eclipse the text, and his words are at once a description and an example of his own most characteristic rhetoric. Wordsworth once uttered an aphorism which De Quincey repeats with great admiration; that language is not, as I have just said, the dress, but "the incarnation of thought." But though accepting and enforcing the doctrine by showing that the "mixture is too subtle, the intermixture too ineffable" to admit of expression, he condemns the style which is the best illustration of its truth. He is very angry with the admirers of Swift; De Foe, and "many hundreds" of others wrote something quite as good; it only wanted "plain good sense, natural feeling, unpretendingness, some little scholarly practice in putting together the clockwork of sentences, and above all, the advantage of" an appropriate subject. Could Swift, he asks, have written a pendant to passages in Sir Thomas Browne, or Jeremy Tay-

lor? He would have cut the same figure as "a forlorn scullion from a greasy eating-house at Rotterdam, if suddenly called away in vision to act as seneschal to the festival of Belshazzar the King, before a thousand of his lords." And what, we may retort, would Taylor, or Browne, or De Quincey himself, have done, had they been wanted to write down the project of Wood's halfpence in Ireland? Much as a king in his coronation robes compelled to lead a forlorn hope up the scaling ladders. The fact is, that Swift required for his style not only the plain good sense, and other rare qualities enumerated, but pungent humour, quick insight, deep passion, and general power of mind, such as is given to few men in a century. But, as in his case, the thought is really incarnated in the language, we cannot criticise the style separately from the thoughts, or we can only assign, as its highest merit, its admirable fitness for producing the desired effect. It would be wrong to invert De Quincey's censure, and blame him because his gorgeous robes are not fitted for more practical purposes. To everything there is a time; for plain English, and for elaborate "bravura," as De Quincey delights to call his highly-wrought passages. It would be difficult or impossible, and certainly it would be superfluous, to define with any precision the peculiar manner of De Quincey's style. The chemistry of critics has not yet succeeded in resolving any such product into its constituent elements; nor, if it could, should we be much nearer to understanding their effect in combination.

A few specimens would do more than any description; and De Quincey is too well known to justify quotation. It may be enough to notice that most of his brilliant performances are variations on the same theme. He appeals to our terror of the infinite, to the shrinking of the human mind before astronomical distances and geological periods of time. He paints vast perspectives, opening in long succession, till we grow dizzy in the contemplation. The cadence of his style suggests sounds echoing each other, and growing gradually fainter, till they die away into infinite distance. Two great characteristics, he tells us, of his opium dreams were, a deep-seated melancholy, and an exaggeration of the things of space and time. Nightly he descended "into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that he could ever reascend." He saw buildings and landscapes "in proportions so

vast as the human eye is not fitted to receive." He seemed to live ninety or a hundred years in a night, and even to pass through periods far beyond the limits of human existence. Melancholy and an awe-stricken sense of the vast and vague are emotions which he communicates with the greatest power; though the melancholy is too dreamy to deserve the name of passion, and the terror of the infinite is not explicitly connected with any religious emotion. It is a proof of the fineness of his taste, that he scarcely ever falls into bombast; we tremble at his audacity in accumulating gorgeous phrases; but we confess that he is justified by the result. The only exception that I can remember is the passage in the English Mail-coach, where his exaggerated patriotism—to which I must presently refer again—leads him into what strikes me at least as a rather vulgar bit of claptrap. If any reader will take the trouble to compare De Quincey's account of a kind of anticipation of the Balaklava charge at the battle of Talavera, with Napier's description of the same facts, he will be amused at the distortion of history; but whatever the accuracy of the statements, one is a little shocked at finding "the inspiration of God" attributed to the gallant dragoons who were cut to pieces, on that occasion, as other gallant men have been before and since. The phrase is overcharged, and inevitably suggests a cynical reaction of mind. The ideas of dragoons and inspiration do not coalesce so easily as might be wished; but, with this exception, I think that his purple patches are almost irreproachable, and may be read and re-read with increasing delight. I know of no other modern writer who has soared into the same regions with so uniform and easy a flight.

The question sometimes arises how far the attempt to produce by one art, effects specially characteristic of another, can be considered as legitimate; whether, for example, a sculptor, when encroaching upon the province of the painter, or a prose writer attempting to rival poets, may not be summarily condemned. The answer probably would be that a critic who lays down such rules is erecting himself into a legislator, when he should be a simple observer. Success justifies itself; and if De Quincey obtains, without the aid of metre, graces which few other writers have won by the same means, it is all the more creditable to De Quincey. A certain presumption, however, remains in such cases, that the failure to adopt the ordinary

methods implies a certain deficiency of power. If we ask why De Quincey, who trenched so boldly upon the peculiar province of the poet, yet failed to use the poetical form, there is one very obvious answer. He has one intolerable fault, a fault which has probably done more than any other to diminish his popularity, and which is, of all faults, most diametrically opposed to poetical excellence. He is utterly incapable of concentration. He is, from the very principles on which his style is constructed, the most diffuse of writers. Other men will pack half a dozen distinct propositions into a sentence, and care little if they are somewhat crushed and distorted in the process. De Quincey insists upon putting each of them separately, smoothing them out elaborately, till not a wrinkle disturbs their uniform surface, and then presenting each of them for our acceptance with a placid smile. His very creditable desire for lucidity of expression makes him nervously anxious to avoid any complexity of thought. Each step of his argument, each shade of meaning, and each fact in his narrative, must have its own separate embodiment; and every joint and connecting link must be carefully and accurately defined. The clearness is won at a heavy price. There is some advantage in this elaborate method of dissecting out every distinct fibre and ramification of an argument. But, on the whole, one is apt to remember that life is limited, and that there are some things in this world which must be taken for granted. If a man's boyhood fills two volumes, and if one of these (though under unfavourable circumstances) took six months to revise, it seems probable that in later years he would have taken longer to record events than to live them. No autobiography written on such principles could ever reach even the middle life of the author. Take up, for example, the first volume of his collected works. Why, on the very first page, having occasion to mention Christendom in the fifteenth century, should he provide against some eccentric misconception by telling us that it did not, at that time, include any part of America? Why should it take considerably more than a page to explain that when a schoolmaster begins lessons punctually, and leaves off too late, there will be an encroachment on the hours of play? Or two pages to describe how a porter dropped a portmanteau on a flight of stairs, and didn't waken a schoolmaster? Or two more to account for the fact that he asked a woman the meaning of the noise produced by the

"bore" in the Dee, instead of waiting till she spoke to him? Impassioned prose may be a very good thing; but when its current is arrested by such incessant stoppages, and the beauty of the English language displayed by showing how many faultless sentences may be expended on an exhaustive description of irrelevant trifles, the human mind becomes recalcitrant. A man may become prolix from the fulness or fervency of his mind; but prolixity produced by this finical minuteness of language, ends by distressing one's nerves. It is the same sense of irritation as is produced by waiting for the tedious completion of an elaborate toilette, and one is rather tempted to remember Artemas Ward's description of the Fourth of July oration, which took four hours "to pass a given point."

This peculiarity of his style is connected with other qualities upon which a great deal of eulogy has been expended. There are two faculties in which, so far as my experience goes, no man, woman, or child ever admits his or her own deficiency. The driest of human beings will boast of their sense of humour; and the most perplexed, of their logical acuteness. De Quincey has been highly praised, both as a humorist and as a logician. He believed in his own powers, and exhibits them rather ostentatiously. He says, pleasantly enough, but not without a substratum of real conviction, that he is "a *doctor seraphicus*, and also *inexpugnabilis* upon quillets of logic." I confess that I am generally sceptical as to the merits of infallible dialecticians, because I have observed that a man's reputation for inexorable logic is generally in proportion to the error of his conclusions. A logician, in popular estimation, seems to be one who never shrinks from a *reductio ad absurdum*. His merits are measured, not by the accuracy of his inferences, but by the distance which separates them from his premises. The explanation doubtless lies in the general impression that logic is concerned with words and not with things. There is a vague belief that by skillfully lurking syllogisms you can form a chain sufficiently strong to cross the profoundest abyss, and which will need no tests of observation and verification. A dexterous performer, it is supposed, might pass from one extremity of the universe to the other without ever touching ground; and people do not observe that the refusal to draw an inference may be just as great a proof of logical skill as ingenuity in drawing it. Now De Quincey's claim to infallibility would be

plausible, if we still believed that to define words accurately is the same thing as to discover facts, and that binding them skillfully together, is equivalent to reasoning securely. He is a kind of rhetorical Euclid. He makes such a flourish with his apparatus of axioms and definitions that you do not suspect any lurking fallacy. He is careful to show you the minutest details of his argumentative mechanism. Each step in the process is elaborately and separately set forth; you are not assumed to know anything, or to be capable of supplying any links for yourself; it shall not even be taken for granted without due notice that things which are equal to a third thing are equal to each other; and the consequence is, that few people venture to question processes which seem to be so plainly set forth, and to advance by such a careful development.

When, indeed, De Quincey has a safe guide, he can put an argument with admirable clearness. The expositions of political economy, for example, are clear and ingenious, though even here I may quote Mr. Mill's remark, that he should have imagined a certain principle — obvious enough when once stated — to have been familiar to all economists, "if the instance of Mr. De Quincey did not prove that the complete non-recognition and implied denial of it are compatible with great intellectual ingenuity and close intimacy with the subject-matter."* Admirable skill of expression is, indeed, no real safeguard against logical blunders; and I will venture to say that De Quincey rarely indulges in this ostentatious logical precision without plunging into downright fallacies. I will take two instances. The first is trifling, but characteristic. Poor Dr. Johnson used to reproach himself, as De Quincey puts it, "with lying too long in bed." How absurd! is the comment. The Doctor got up at eleven because he went to bed at three. If he had gone to bed at twelve, could he not easily have got up at eight? The remark would have been sound in form, though a quibble in substance, if Johnson had complained of lying in bed "too late;" but as De Quincey himself speaks of "too long" instead of "too late," it is an obvious reply that eight hours are of the same length at every period of the day. The great logi-

cian falls into another characteristic error in the same paragraph. Dr. Johnson, he says, was not "indolent;" but, he says, that Johnson "had a morbid predisposition to decline labour from his scrofulous habit of body," which was increased by over-eating and want of exercise. It is a cruel mode of vindication to say that you are not indolent, but only predisposed by a bad constitution and bad habits to decline labour; but the advantage of accurate definition is that you can knock a man down with one hand, and pick him up with the other.

To take a more serious case. De Quincey undertakes to refute Hume's memorable argument against miracles. There are few better arenas for intellectual combats, and De Quincey has in it an unusual opportunity for display. He is obviously on his mettle. He comes forward with a whole battery of propositions, carefully marshalled in strategical order, and supported by appropriate "lemmas." One of his arguments, whether cogent or not, is that Hume's objection will not apply to the evidence of a multitude of witnesses. Now a conspicuous miracle, he says, can be produced resting on such evidence, to wit, that of the thousands fed by a few loaves and fishes. The simplest infidel will, of course, reply that as these thousands of witnesses cannot be produced, the evidence open to us reduces itself to that of the Evangelists. De Quincey recollects this, and replies to it in a note. "Yes," he says, "the Evangelists certainly; and, let us add all those contemporaries to whom the Evangelists silently appealed. These make up the 'multitude' contemplated in the case" under consideration. That is, to make up the multitude, you have to reckon as witnesses all those persons who did not contradict the "silent appeal," or whose contradiction has not reached us. With such canons of criticism it is hard to say what might not be proved. When a man with a great reputation for learning and logical ability tries to put us off with these wretched quibbles, one is fairly bewildered. He shows an ignorance of the real strength and weakness of the position, which, but for his reputation, one would summarily explain by incapacity for reasoning. As it is, we must suppose, that living apart from the daily battle of life, he had lost that quick instinct possessed by all genuine logicians for recognizing the vital points of an argument. A day in a court of justice would have taught him more about evidence than a month spent over Aristotle. He had become fitter for

* It is curious, but De Quincey, in his *Essay on Style*, explains that political economy, and especially the doctrine of value, is one of those subjects which cannot be satisfactorily treated in dialogue — the very form which he chose to adopt for that particular purpose.

the parade of the fencing-room, than for the real thrust and parry of a duel in earnest. The mere rhetorical flourish pleases him as much as a blow at his antagonist's heart. Another glaring instance in the same paper is his apparent failure to perceive that there is a difference between proving that such a prophecy as that announcing the fall of Babylon was fulfilled, and proving that it was supernaturally inspired. Hume, without a tenth part of the logical apparatus, would have made mincemeat of such an opponent in a couple of clear paragraphs. Paley, whom he never tires of treating to contemptuous abuse, was incapable of such feeble sophistry. De Quincey, in short, was an able expositor; but he was not, though under better discipline he might probably have become, a sound original thinker. He is an interpreter, not an originator, of thought. His skill in setting forth an argument blinds him to its most palpable defects. If language is a powerful weapon in his hands, it is only when the direction of the blow is dictated by some more manly, if less ingenious, understanding.

Let us inquire, and it is a more delicate question, whether he is better qualified to use it as a plaything. He has a certain reputation as a humorist. The essay on Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts is probably the most popular of his writings. The conception is undoubtedly meritorious, and De Quincey returns to it more than once in his other works. The description of the Williams murders is inimitable, and the execution even in the humorous passages is frequently good. We may praise particular sentences; such as the well-known remark that "if a man once indulges himself in murder, he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and sabbath-breaking; and from that to incivility and procrastination." One laughs at this whimsical inversion; but I don't think one laughs very heartily; and certainly one does not find, as in really deep humour, that the paradox is pregnant with further meaning, and the laugh a prelude to a more melancholy smile. Many of the best things ever said are couched in a similar form: the old remark that the use of language is the concealment of thought; the saying that the half is greater than the whole, and that two and two don't always make four, are familiar instances; but each of them really contains a profound truth expressed in a paradoxical form, which is a sufficient justification of their extraordinary popularity. But if every inversion

of a commonplace were humorous, we should be able to make jokes by machinery. There is no humour that I can see in the statement that honesty is the worst policy, or that procrastination saves time; and De Quincey's phrase, though I admit that it is amusing as a kind of summary of his essay, seems to me to rank little higher than an ingenious pun. It is a clever trick of language, but does not lead any further.

Here, too, and elsewhere, the humour gives us a certain impression of thinness. It is pressed too far, and spun out too long. Compare De Quincey's mode of beating out his one joke, through pages of laboured facetiousness, with Swift's concentrated and pungent irony, as in the proposal for eating babies, or the argument to prove that the abolition of Christianity may be attended with some inconveniences. It is the difference between the stiffest of nautical grogs, and the negus provided by thoughtful parents for a child's evening party. In some parts of the essay De Quincey sinks far lower. I do not believe that in any English author of reputation there is a more feeble piece of forced fun, than in the description of the fight of the amateur in murder with the baker at Munich. One knows by a process of reasoning that the man is joking; but one feels inclined to blush, through sympathy with a very clever man so exposing himself. A blemish of the same kind makes itself unpleasantly obvious at many points of his writings. He seems to fear that we shall find his stately and elaborate style rather too much for our nerves. He is conscious that, as a great master of language, he can play what tricks he pleases, without danger of remonstrance. And, therefore, he every now and then plunges into slang, not irreverently, as a vulgar writer might do, but of malice prepense. The shock is almost as great as if an organist performing a solemn tune should suddenly introduce an imitation of the mewing of a cat. Now, he seems to say, you can't accuse me of being dull and pompous. Let me quote an instance or two from his graver writings. He wishes to argue, in defence of Christianity, that the ancients were insensible to the ordinary duties of humanity. "Our wicked friend, Kikero, for instance, who *was* so bad, but *wrote* so well, who *did* such naughty things, but *said* such pretty things, has himself noticed in one of his letters, with petrifying coolness, that he knew of destitute old women in Rome who went without tasting food for one, two, or even

three days. After making such a statement, did Kikero not tumble down-stairs, and break at least three of his legs, in his hurry to call a public meeting," &c., &c. What delicate humour! The grave apologist of Christianity actually calls Cicero, Kikero, and talks about "three of his legs!" Do we not all explode with laughter? A parallel case occurs in his argument about the Essenes; where he grows so irrepressibly funny as to call Josephus "Mr. Joe," and addresses him as follows:—"Wicked Joseph, listen to me; you've been telling us a fairy-tale; and, for my part, I've no objection to a fairy-tale in any situation, because if one can make no use of it oneself, always one knows that a child will be thankful for it. But this tale, Mr. Joseph, happens also to be a lie; secondly, a fraudulent lie; thirdly, a malicious lie." I have seen this stuff described as "scholarlike badinage;" but the only effect of such exquisite foolery, within my mind, is to persuade one that a writer assailed by such weapons, and those weapons used by a man who has the whole resources of the English language at his command, must probably have been speaking an inconvenient truth. I will simply refer to the story of Sir Isaac Newton sitting all day with one stocking on and one off, in the Casuistry of Roman Meals, as an illustration of the way in which a story ought not to be told. Its most conspicuous, though not its worst, fault, its extreme length, protects it from quotation.

It is strange to find that a writer, pre-eminently endowed with delicacy of ear, and boasting of the complex harmonies of his style, should condescend to such an irritating defect. De Quincey says of one of the greatest masters of the humorous:—"The gyration within which his (Lamb's) sentiment wheels, no matter of what kind it may be, is always the shortest possible. It does not prolong itself, it does not repeat itself, it does not propagate itself." And he goes on to connect the failing with Lamb's utter insensibility to music, and indifference to "the rhythmical in prose composition." The criticism is a fine one in its way, but it may perhaps explain some of De Quincey's shortcomings in Lamb's peculiar sphere. De Quincey's jokes are apt to repeat and prolong and propagate themselves, till they become tiresome; and the delicate touch of the true humorist, just indicating a half-comic, half-pathetic thought, is alien to De Quincey's more elaborate style. Yet I do not deny that he has a sense of humour. That faculty may be predominant or la-

tent; it may form the substance of a whole book, as in the case of Sterne; or it may permeate every sentence, as in Mr. Carlyle's writings; or it may simply give a faint tinge, rather perceived by subsequent analysis than consciously felt at the time; and in this lowest degree it occasionally gives a certain charm to De Quincey's writing. When he tries overt acts of wit, he becomes simply vulgar; when he directly aims at the humorous, we feel his hand to be rather heavy; but he is occasionally very happy in that ironical method, of which the *Essay on Murder* is the most notorious specimen. The best example, in my opinion, is the description of his elder brother in the *Autobiographical Sketches*. The account of the rival kingdoms of Gombroon and Tigrasylvapnia; of poor De Quincey's troubles in getting rid of his subjects' tails; his despair at the suggestion that by making them sit down for six hours a day they might rub them off in the course of several centuries; his ingenious plan of placing his unlucky island at a distance of 75 degrees of latitude from his brother's capital; and his dismay at hearing of the "vast horns and promontories" which run down from all parts of the hostile dominions towards his unoffending little territory, are touched with admirable skill. The grave elaborate detail of the perplexities of his childish imagination is pleasant, and almost pathetic. When, in short, by simply applying his usual stateliness of manner to a subject a little beneath it in dignity, he can produce the desired effect, he is eminently successful. The same rhetoric which would be appropriate (to use his favourite illustration) in treating the theme of "Belshazzar the King giving a great feast to a thousand of his lords," has a certain piquancy, when for Belshazzar we substitute a schoolboy playing at monarchy. He is indulging in a whimsical masquerade, and the pomp is assumed in sport instead of in earnest. Nobody can do a little mock majesty so well as he who on occasion can be seriously majestic. Yet when he altogether abandons his strong ground, and chooses to tumble and make grimaces before us, like an ordinary clown, he becomes simply offensive. The great tragedian is capable on due occasion of pleasant burlesque; but sheer unadulterated comedy is beyond his powers. De Quincey, in short, can parody his own serious writing better than anybody, and the capacity is a proof that the faculty of humour was not entirely absent from his intellect; but for a genuine substantive

joke—a joke which, resting on its own merits, instead of being the shadow of his serious writing, is to be independently humorous—he seems, to me at least, to be generally insufferable.

De Quincey's final claim to a unique position rests on the fact that his "impassioned prose" was applied to confessions. He compares himself, as I have said, to Rousseau and Augustine. The analogy with the last of these two writers would, I should imagine, be rather difficult to carry beyond the first part of resemblance; but it is possible to make out a somewhat closer affinity to Rousseau. In both cases, at least, we have to deal with men of morbid temperament, ruined or seriously injured by their utter incapacity for self-restraint. So far, however, as their confessions derive an interest from the revelation of character, Rousseau is more exciting almost in the same proportion as he confesses greater weaknesses. The record of such errors by their chief actor, and that actor a man of such singular ability, presents us with a strangely attractive problem. De Quincey has less to confess, and is less anxious to lay bare his own morbid propensities. His story excites compassion; but in its essential features it is commonplace enough. Nearly all that he has to tell us is that he ran away from school, spent some time in London, for no very assignable reason, in a semi-starving condition, and then, equally without reason, surrendered at discretion to the respectabilities and went to Oxford like an ordinary human being. We may fancy that even these meagre facts are more or less distorted by the fumes of opium; but at best as they serve as little more than a text for eloquent meditation. The rest of his life was spent in consuming opium or in breaking off the habit at intervals, and in planning more or less ambitious works. Vague thoughts passed through his mind of composing a great work on Political Economy, or of writing a still more wonderful treatise on the Emendation of the Human Intellect. But he never seems to have made any decided steps towards the fulfilment of such dreams; and remained to the end of his days a melancholy specimen of wasted force. There is nothing, unfortunately, very uncommon in the story, except so far as its hero was a man of unusual talents. The history of Coleridge exemplifies a still higher ambition, resulting, it is true, in a much greater influence upon the thought of the age, but almost equally sad. Their lives might be put into tracts

for the use of opium-eaters; and whilst there was still hope of redeeming them, it might have been worth while to condemn them with severity. Indignation is now out of place, and we can only grieve and pass by. When thousands of men are drinking themselves to death every year, there is nothing very strange or dramatic in the history of one ruined by opium instead of by gin.

From De Quincey's writings we get the notion of a man amiable, but with an uncertain temper; with fine emotions, but an utter want of moral strength; and in short, of a nature of much delicacy and tenderness retreating into opium and the lake district, from a world which was too rough for him. He does not seem to have been liable to any worse imputations than that of excessive inability for anything beyond spinning gorgeous phraseology; but, in a literary sense, we may accept his humorous scales of morality, and say that he had sunk from lying and lawbreaking to utter procrastination. The goodness of his character diminishes the interest of his story. But if in this sense his story falls short of Rousseau's confessions, because he had no baseness to relate, it falls short in another way which is less to his credit. Rousseau has the supreme merit of having felt more deeply, and expressed more eloquently than any one else, what all his contemporaries were thinking; he fulfilled in the highest degree the conditions which enable a man of genius to be at once the spokesman and the impelling force of his time. De Quincey not only had not strength to stand alone, but he belonged to a peculiar side-current of English thought. He was the adjective, of which Coleridge was the substantive; and if Coleridge himself was an unsatisfactory and imperfect thinker, his imperfections all greatly increased in his friend and disciple. He shared that belief which some people have not yet abandoned, that the answer to all our perplexities is to be found in some of the mysteries of German metaphysics. If we could only be taught to distinguish between the reason and the understanding, the scales would fall from our eyes, and we should see that the Thirty-nine Articles contained the plan on which the universe was framed. He had an acquaintance, which, if his own opinion were correct, was accurate and profound, with Kant's writings, and had studied Schelling, Fichte, and Hegel. He could talk about concepts, and categories, and schematisms, without losing his head amongst those metaphysical heights. He

knew how by the theoretic reason to destroy all proofs of the existence of God, and then, by introducing the practical reason, to set the existence of God beyond a doubt. He fancied that he was able to translate the technicalities of Kant into plain English; and he believed that when so translated, they would prove to have a real and all-important meaning. But as nothing ever came of all this, it would be idle to deduce from his scattered hints any estimate of his powers. If German metaphysics are a science, and not a mere edifice of moonshine; and if De Quincey had penetrated the secrets of that science, we have missed a chance of enlightenment. As it is, we have little left except a collection of contemptuous prejudices. De Quincey thought himself entitled to treat Locke as a shallow pretender. The whole eighteenth century was, with one or two exceptions, a barren wilderness to him. He aspersed its reasoners, from Locke to Paley; he scorned its poets with all the bitterness of the school which first broke loose from the rule of Pope; and its prose-writers, with the exception of Burke, were miserable beings in his eyes. He would have seen with little regret a holocaust of all the literature produced in England between the death of Milton and the rise of Wordsworth. Naturally, he hated an infidel with that kind of petulant bitterness which possesses an old lady in a country village, who has just heard that some wicked people dispute the story of Balaam's ass. And, as a corollary, he combined the whole French people in one sweeping censure, and utterly despised their morals, manners, literature, and political principles. He was a John Bull, as far as a man can be, who is of weakly, nervous temperament, and believes in Kant.

One or two illustrations may be given of the force of these effeminate prejudices; and it is to be remarked with regret, that they are specially injurious in a department where he otherwise had eminent merits, that, namely, of literary criticism. Any man who lived in the eighteenth century was *primâ facie* a fool; if a freethinker, his case was all but hopeless; but if a French freethinker, it was desperate indeed. He lets us into the secret of his prejudices, which, indeed, is tolerably transparent in his statement, that he found it hard to reverence Coleridge, when he supposed him to be a Socinian. Now, though a "liberal man," he could not hold a Socinian to be a Christian; nor could he "think that any man, though he

make himself a marvellously clever disputant, ever could tower upwards with a very great philosopher, unless he should begin or end with Christianity." The canon may be sound, but it at once destroys the pretensions of such men as Hobbes, Spinoza, Hume, and even, though De Quincey considers him "a dubious exception," Kant. Even heterodoxy is enough to alienate his sympathies. "Think of a man," he exclaims about poor Whiston, "who had brilliant preferment within his reach, dragging his poor wife and daughter for half a century through the very mire of despondency and destitution, because he disapproved of Athanasius, or because the 'Shepherd of Hermas' was not sufficiently esteemed by the Church of England." To do him justice, De Quincey admits in another passage, that this ridicule of a poor man for sacrificing his interests to his principles was not quite fair; but then Whiston was only an Arian. When Priestley, who was a far worse heretic, had his house sacked by a mob, and his life endangered, De Quincey can scarcely restrain his exultation. He admits in terms that Priestley ought to be pitied, but adds, that the fanaticism of the mob was "much more reasonable" than the fanaticism of Priestley; and that those who play at bowls, must look out for rubbers. Porson is to be detested for his letters to Travis, though De Quincey does not dare to defend the disputed text. He has, however, a pleasant insinuation at command. Porson, he says, stung like a hornet; "it may chance that on this subject Master Porson will get stung through his coffin, before he is many years dead." What scholarlike badinage! Political heretics fare little better. Fox's eloquence was "ditchwater," with a shrill effervescence of "imaginary gas." Burnet was a "gossiper, slanderer, and notorious falsifier of facts." That one of his sermons was burnt is "the most consolatory fact in his whole worldly career;" and he asks, "would there have been much harm in tying his lordship to the sermon?" Junius was not only a knave who ought to have been transported, but his literary success rested upon an utter delusion. He had neither "sentiment, imagination, nor generalization." Johnson, though the best of Tories, lived in the wrong century, and unluckily criticized Milton with foolish harshness. Therefore "Johnson, viewed in relation to Milton, was a malicious, mendacious, and dishonest man."

Let us turn to greater names. Goethe's best work was Werther, and De Quincey

is convinced that his reputation "must decline for the next generation or two, until it reaches its just level." His merits have been exaggerated for three reasons — first, his great age; secondly, "the splendour of his official rank at the court of Weimar (!);" thirdly, "his enigmatical and unintelligible writing." But "in Germany his works are little read, and in this country not at all." Wilhelm Meister is morally detestable, and, artistically speaking, rubbish. Of the author of the *Philosophical Dictionary*, of the *Essai sur les Mœurs*, of *Candide*, and certain other trifles, his judgment is that Horace Walpole's reputation is the same in kind, as the *genuine* reputation of Voltaire: "Both are very splendid memoir writers, and of the two, Lord Orford is the more brilliant." In the same tone he compares Gibbon to Southey, giving the advantage to the latter on the score of his poetical ability; and his view of another great infidel may be inferred from the following. One of Rousseau's opinions is only known to us through Cowper, "for in the unventilated pages of its originator, it would have lurked undisturbed down to this hour of June, 1819."

Voltaire and Rousseau have the double title to hatred of being Frenchmen and freethinkers. But even orthodox Frenchmen fare little better. "The French Bosuets, Bourdaloues, Fénelons, &c., whatever may be thought of their meagre and attenuated rhetoric, are one and all the most commonplace of thinkers." In fact, the mere mention of France acts upon him like a red rag on a bull. The French, "in whom the lower forms of passion are constantly bubbling up, from the shallow and superficial character of their feelings," are incapable of English earnestness. Their taste is "anything but good in all that department of wit and humour" — the department, apparently, of anecdotes — "and the ground lies in their natural want of veracity;" whereas England bases upon its truthfulness a well-founded claim to "a moral pre-eminence among the nations." Belgians, French, and Italians attract the inconsiderate by "facile obsequiousness," which, however, is a pendent of "impudence and insincerity." Want of principle and want of moral sensibility compose the original *fundus* of southern manners." Our faults of style, such as they are, proceed from our manliness. In France there are no unmarried women at the age which amongst us gives the insulting name of old maid. "What striking sacrifices of sexual honour does this one

fact argue!" The French style is remarkable for simplicity — "a strange pretension for anything French;" but on the whole the intellectual merits of their style are small, "chiefly negative," and "founded on the accident of their colloquial necessities." They are amply compensated, too, by "the prodigious defects of the French in all the higher qualities of prose composition." Even their handwriting is the "very vilest form of scribbling which exists in Europe," and they and the Germans are "the two most gormandising races in Europe." They display a brutal selfishness in satisfying their appetites, whereas Englishmen at all public meals are remarkably conspicuous for "a spirit of mutual attention and self-sacrifices." It is enough to show the real degradation of their habits, that they use the "odious gesture" of shrugging their shoulders, and are fond of the "vile ejaculation, 'bah!'" which is as bad as to puff the smoke of a tobacco-pipe in your companion's face. They have neither self-respect, nor respect for others. French masters are never dignified, though sometimes tyrannical; French servants are always, even without meaning it, disrespectfully familiar. Many of their manners and usages are "essentially vulgar, and their apparent affability depends, not on kindness of heart, but love of talking."

All this stuff, from which I have only taken a few random specimens, was written by a man who, so far as appears, never visited on the Continent, and knew nothing, except from books, of the great peoples whom he systematically vilifies. The impudence of the assertions is really amusing, though one cannot but regret that the vulgar prejudice of the old-fashioned John Bull should have been embodied in the pages of a master of our language. The explanation, however, is easy. De Quincey's prejudices are chiefly the reflection of those of the Coleridge school in general, though he added to them a few pet aversions of his own. At times his genuine acuteness of mind raises him above the teaching of his masters, or at least enables him to detect their weaknesses. He discovers Coleridge's plagiarisms, though he believes, and, indeed, speaks in the most exaggerated terms of his philosophical pretensions; whilst in treating of Wordsworth, he points out with great skill the fallacy of some of his theories and the inconsistency of his practice. But whilst keenly observant of some of the failings of his friends, he reproduces others in even an exag-

gerated type. He shows to the full their narrow-minded hatred of the preceding century, of all forms of excellence which did not correspond to their favourite types, and of all speculation which did not lead to, or start from, their characteristic doctrines. The error is fully pardonable. We must not look to men who are leading a revolt against established modes of thought for a fair appreciation of the doctrines of their antagonists; and if De Quincey could recognize no merit in Voltaire or Rousseau, in Locke, Paley, or Jeremy Bentham, their followers were quite prepared to retaliate in kind. One feels, however, that such prejudices are more respectable when they are the foibles of a strong mind engaged in active warfare. We can pardon the old campaigner, who has become bitter in an internecine contest. It is not quite so pleasant to discover the same bitterness in a gentleman who has looked on from a distance, and never quite made up his mind to buckle on his armour. De Quincey had not earned the right of speaking evil of his enemies. If a man chances to be a Hedonist, he should show the good temper which is the best virtue of the indolent. To lie on a bed of roses, and snarl at everybody who contradicts your theories, seems to imply rather testiness of temper than strength of conviction. De Quincey is a Christian on Epicurean principles. He dislikes an infidel, because his repose is disturbed by the arguments of free-thinkers. He fears that he will be forced to think conscientiously, and to polish his logical weapons afresh. He mutters that the man is a fool, and could be easily thrashed if it were worth while, and then turns back to his opium and his rhetoric and his beloved Church of England. There is no pleasanter institution for a gentleman who likes magnificent historical associations, and heartily hates the rude revolutionists who would turn the world up-

side down, and thereby disturb the rest of dreamy metaphysicians.

He is quite pathetic, too, about the British constitution. "Destroy the House of Lords," he exclaims, "and henceforward, for people like you and me, England will be no habitable land." Here, he seems to say, is one charming elysium, where no rude hand has swept away the cobwebs or replaced the good old-fashioned machinery; here we may find rest in the "pure, holy, and magnificent Church," whose Articles, interpreted by Coleridge, may guide us through the most wondrous of metaphysical labyrinths, and dwell in a grand constitutional edifice, rich in picturesque memories, and blending into one complex harmony elements contributed by a long series of centuries. And you, wretched French revolutionists, with your love of such precision, and irreverent radicals and utilitarians, with your grovelling, material notions, propose to level, and destroy, and break in upon my delicious reveries. No old Hebrew prophet could be more indignant with the enemy who threatened to break down the carved work of his temple with axes and hammers. But his complaint is, after all, the voice of the sluggard. Let me dream a little longer; for much as I love my country and its institutions, I cannot rouse myself to fight for them. It is enough if I call their assailants an ugly name or so, and at times begin to write what might be the opening pages of the preface to some very great work of the future. Alas! the first digression diverts the thread of the discourse; the task becomes troublesome, and the labour is abruptly broken off. And so in a life of seventy-three years De Quincey read extensively and thought acutely by fits, eat an enormous quantity of opium, wrote a few pages which revealed new capacities in the language, and provided a good deal of respectable padding for magazines.

GLACIER OF MONTE ROSA. The organ of the Zurich society of natural history publishes a curious account of the travels of the glacier of Monte Rosa during the last sixty years. For fifty years it steadily and surely approached the town of Zermatt, moving at the rate of about three feet a week during the spring months. Its way was through pastures and grain fields, over which it passed like a devouring pestilence. Its approach was heralded by great boulders, which it kept constantly moving before it. Se-

rious apprehensions were at one time entertained for the safety of the town, which lay directly in its track. But during the last ten years this icy monster has changed the direction of its movement, and thus the danger has been averted; but the fields through which the track lay can never be again cultivated, on account of the many immense fragments of stone by which its course was thickly marked, and which are deeply imbedded in the soil.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHARLEY NURSES ME.

I SAW no more of Clara. Mr. Coningham came to bid me good-bye, and spoke very kindly. Mr. Forest would have got a nurse for me, but Charley begged so earnestly to be allowed to return the service I had done for him, that he yielded.

I was in great pain for more than a week. Charley's attentions were unremitting. In fact he nursed me more like a woman than a boy; and made me think with some contrition how poor my ministrations had been. Even after the worst was over, if I but moved, he was at my bedside in a moment. Certainly no nurse could have surpassed him. I could bear no one to touch me but him: from any one else I dreaded torture; and my medicine was administered to the very moment by my own old watch, which had been brought to do its duty at least respectfully.

One afternoon, finding me tolerably comfortable, he said,

"Shall I read something to you, Wilfrid?"

He never called me Willie, as most of my friends did.

"I should like it," I answered.

"What shall I read?" he asked.

"Haden't you something in your head," I rejoined, "when you proposed it?"

"Well, I had; but I don't know if you would like it."

"What did you think of then?"

"I thought of a chapter in the New Testament."

"How could you think I should not like that?"

"Because I never saw you say your prayers."

"That is quite true. But you don't think I never say my prayers although you never see me do it?"

The fact was, my uncle, amongst his other peculiarities, did not approve of teaching children to say their prayers. But he did not therefore leave me without instruction in the matter of praying—either the idlest or the most availing of human actions. He would say, "When you want anything, ask for it, Willie; and if it is worth your having, you will have it. But don't fancy you are doing God any service by praying to him. He likes you to pray to him because he loves you, and wants you to love him. And whatever you do, don't go saying a lot of words you don't mean. If you think you ought to

pray, say your Lord's Prayer, and have done with it." I had no theory myself on the matter; but when I was in misery on the wild mountains, I had indeed prayed to God; and had even gone so far as to hope, when I got what I prayed for, that he had heard my prayer.

Charley made no reply.

"It seems to me better that sort of thing shouldn't be seen, Charley," I persisted.

"Perhaps, Wilfrid; but I was taught to say my prayers regularly."

"I don't think much of that either," I answered. "But I've said a good many prayers since I've been here, Charley. I can't say I'm sure it's of any use, but I can't help trying after something—I don't know what—something I want, and don't know how to get."

"But it's only the prayer of faith that's heard.—Do you believe, Wilfrid?"

"I don't know. I daren't say I don't. I wish I could say I do. But I daresay things will be considered."

"Wouldn't it be grand if it was true, Wilfrid?"

"What, Charley?"

"That God actually let his creatures see him—and—all that came of it, you know."

"It would be grand indeed! But supposing it true, how could we be expected to believe it like them that saw him with their own eyes? I couldn't be required to believe just as if I could have no doubt about it. It wouldn't be fair. Only—perhaps we haven't got the clew by the right end."

"Perhaps not. But sometimes I hate the whole thing. And then again I feel as if I *must* read all about it; not that I care for it exactly, but because a body must do something—because—I don't know how to say it—because of the misery, you know."

"I don't know that I do know—quite. But now you have started the subject, I thought that was great nonsense Mr. Forest was talking about the authority of the church the other day."

"Well I thought so, too. I don't see what right they have to say so and so, if they didn't hear him speak. As to what he meant, they may be right or they may be wrong. If they *have* the gift of the Spirit, as they say—how am I to tell they have? All impostors claim it as well as the true men. If I had ever so little of the same gift myself, I suppose I could tell; but they say no one has till he believes—so they may be all humbugs for

anything I can possibly tell; or they may be all true men and yet I may fancy them all humbugs, and can't help it."

I was quite as much astonished to hear Charley talk in this style, as some readers will be doubtful whether a boy could have talked such good sense. I said nothing, and a silence followed.

"Would you like me to read to you then?" he asked.

"Yes, I should; for, do you know, after all, I don't think there's anything like the New Testament."

"Anything like it!" he repeated. "I should think not! Only I wish I did know what it all meant. I wish I could talk to my father as I would to Jesus Christ if I saw him. But if I could talk to my father, he wouldn't understand me. He would speak to me as if I were the very scum of the universe for daring to have a doubt of what he told me."

"But he doesn't mean himself," I said.

"Well, who told him?"

"The Bible."

"And who told the Bible?"

"God, of course."

"But how am I to know that? I only know that they say so. Do you know, Wilfrid—I don't believe my father is quite sure himself, and that is what makes him in such a rage with anybody who doesn't think as he does. He's afraid it mayn't be true after all."

I had never had a father to talk to, but I thought something must be wrong when a boy couldn't talk to his father. My uncle was a better father than that came to.

Another pause followed, during which Charley searched for a chapter to fit the mood. I will not say what chapter he found, for, after all, I doubt if we had any real notion of what it meant. I know however that there were words in it which found their way to my conscience; and, let men of science or philosophy say what they will, the rousing of a man's conscience is the greatest event in his existence. In such a matter, the consciousness of the man himself is the sole witness. A Chinese can expose many of the absurdities and inconsistencies of the English: it is their own Shakspeare who must bear witness to their sins and faults, as well as their truths and characteristics.

After this we had many conversations about such things, one of which I shall attempt to report by-and-by. Of course in any such attempt, all that can be done is to put the effect into fresh conversational form. What I have just written must at least be more orderly than what

passed between us; but the spirit is much the same; and mere fact is of consequence only as it affects truth.

CHAPTER XX.

A DREAM.

THE best immediate result of my illness was, that I learned to love Charley Osborne more dearly. We renewed an affection resembling from afar that of Shakspeare for his nameless friend; we anticipated that informing *In Memoriam*. Lest I be accused of infinite arrogance, let me remind my reader that the sun is reflected in a dewdrop as in the ocean.

One night I had a strange dream, which is perhaps worth telling for the involution of its consciousness.

I thought I was awake in my bed, and Charley asleep in his. I lay looking into the room. It began to waver and change. The night-light enlarged and receded; and the walls trembled and waved about. The light had got behind them, and shone through them.

"Charley! Charley!" I cried; for I was frightened.

I heard him move; but before he reached me, I was lying on a lawn, surrounded by trees, with the moon shining through them from behind. The next moment Charley was by my side.

"Isn't it prime?" he said. "It's all over!"

"What do you mean, Charley?" I asked.

"I mean that we're both dead now. It's not so very bad—is it?"

"Nonsense, Charley!" I returned; "I'm not dead. I'm as wide alive as ever I was. Look here."

So saying, I sprang to my feet, and drew myself up before him.

"Where's your worst pain?" said Charley, with a curious expression in his tone.

"Here," I answered. "No; it's not; it's in my back. No, it isn't. It's nowhere. I haven't got any pain."

Charley laughed a low laugh, which sounded as sweet as strange. It was to the laughter of the world "as moonlight is to sunlight," but not "as water is to wine," for what it had lost in sound it had gained in smile.

"Tell me now you're not dead!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"But," I insisted, "don't you see I'm alive? You may be dead, for anything I know, but I am not—I know that."

"You're just as dead as I am," he said. "Look here."

A little way off, in an open plot by itself, stood a little white rose-tree, half mingled with the moonlight. Charley went up to it, stepped on the topmost twig, and stood: the bush did not even bend under him.

"Very well," I answered. "You are dead, I confess. But now, look you here."

I went to a red rose-bush which stood at some distance, blanched in the moon, set my foot on the top of it, and made as if I would ascend, expecting to crush it, roses and all, to the ground. But behold! I was standing on my red rose opposite Charley on his white.

"I told you so," he cried, across the moonlight, and his voice sounded as if it came from the moon far away.

"Oh, Charley," I cried, "I'm so frightened!"

"What are you frightened at?"

"At you. You're dead, you know."

"It is a good thing, Wilfrid," he rejoined, in a tone of some reproach, "that I am not frightened at you for the same reason; for what would happen then?"

"I don't know. I suppose you would go away and leave me alone in this ghostly light."

"If I were frightened at you as you are at me, we should not be able to see each other at all. If you take courage, the light will grow."

"Don't leave me, Charley," I cried, and flung myself from my tree towards him. I found myself floating, half reclined on the air. We met midway each in the other's arms.

"I don't know where I am, Charley."

"That is my father's rectory."

He pointed to the house, which I had not yet observed. It lay quite dark in the moonlight, for not a window shone from within.

"Don't leave me, Charley."

"Leave you! I should think not, Wilfrid. I have been long enough without you, already."

"Have you been long dead, then, Charley?"

"Not very long. Yes, a long time. But indeed I don't know. We don't count time as we used to count it.—I want to go and see my father. It is long since I saw him, anyhow. Will you come?"

"If you think I might—if you wish it," I said, for I had no great desire to see Mr. Osborne. "Perhaps he won't care to see me."

"Perhaps not," said Charley, with another low silvery laugh. "Come along."

We glided over the grass. A window stood a little open on the second floor. We floated up, entered, and stood by the bedside of Charley's father. He lay in a sound sleep.

"Father! father!" said Charley, whispering in his ear as he lay—"it's all right. You need not be troubled about me any more."

Mr. Osborne turned on his pillow.

"He's dreaming about us now," said Charley. "He sees us both standing by his bed."

But the next moment, Mr. Osborne sat up, stretched out his arms towards us with the open palms outwards, as if pushing us away from him, and cried,

"Depart from me, all evil-doers. O Lord! do I not hate them that hate thee?"

He followed with other yet more awful words which I never could recall. I only remember the feeling of horror and amazement they left behind. I turned to Charley. He had disappeared, and I found myself lying in the bed beside Mr. Osborne. I gave a great cry of dismay—when there was Charley again beside me, saying,

"What's the matter, Wilfrid? Wake up. My father's not here."

I did wake, but until I had felt in the bed could not satisfy myself that Mr. Osborne was indeed not there.

"You've been talking in your sleep. I could hardly get you waked," said Charley, who stood there in his shirt.

"Oh Charley!" I cried, "I've had such a dream!"

"What was it, Wilfred?"

"Oh! I can't talk about it yet," I answered.

I never did tell him that dream; for even then I was often uneasy about him—he was so sensitive. The affections of my friend were as hoops of steel; his feelings a breath would ripple. Oh my Charley! if ever we meet in that land so vaguely shadowed in my dream, will you not know that I loved you heartily well? Shall I not hasten to lay bare my heart before you—the priest of its confessional? Oh Charley! when the truth is known, the false will fly asunder as the autumn leaves in the wind; but the true, whatever their faults, will only draw together the more tenderly that they have sinned against each other.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FROZEN STREAM.

BEFORE the winter arrived, I was well, and Charley had recovered the fatigue of watching me. One holiday, he and I set out alone to accomplish a scheme we had cherished from the first appearance of the frost. How it arose I hardly remember; I think it came of some remark Mr. Forest had made concerning the difference between the streams of Switzerland and England—those in the former country being emptiest, those in the latter fullest in the winter. It was—when the frost should have bound up the sources of the beck which ran almost by our door, and it was no longer a stream but a rope of ice—to take that rope for our guide, and follow it as far as we could towards the secret recesses of its summer birth.

Along the banks of the stream, we followed it up, meeting a varied loveliness which it would take the soul of a Wordsworth or a Ruskin to comprehend and express. To my poor faculty the splendour of the ice-crystals remains the one memorable thing. In those lonely water-courses the sun was gloriously busy, with none to praise him except Charley and me.

Where the banks were difficult we went down into the frozen bed, and there had story above story of piled-up loveliness, with opal and diamond cellars below. Spikes and stars radiated and reflected marvellously. But we did not reach the primary source of the stream by miles; we were stopped by a precipitous rock, down the face of which one half of the stream fell, while the other crept out of its foot, from a little cavernous opening about four feet high. Charley was a few yards ahead of me, and ran stooping into the cavern. I followed. But when I had gone as far as I dared for the darkness and the down-sloping roof, and saw nothing of him, I grew dismayed, and called him. There was no answer. With a thrill of horror, my dream returned upon me. I got on my hands and knees, and crept forward. A short way farther, the floor sank—only a little, I believe, but from the darkness I took the descent for an abyss into which Charley had fallen. I gave a shriek of despair, and scrambled out of the cave howling. In a moment, he was by my side. He had only crept behind a projection for a trick. His remorse was extreme. He begged my pardon in the most agonized manner.

"Never mind, Charley," I said; "you didn't mean it."

"Yes, I did mean it," he returned. "The temptation came and I yielded; only I did not know how dreadful it would be to you."

"Of course not. You wouldn't have done it if you had."

"How am I to know that, Wilfrid? I might have done it. Isn't it frightful that a body may go on and on till a thing is done, and then wish he hadn't done it. I am a despicable creature. Do you know, Wilfrid, I once shot a little bird—for no good, but just to shoot at something. It wasn't that I didn't think of it—don't say that. I did think of it. I knew it was wrong. When I had levelled my gun, I thought of it quite plainly, and yet drew the trigger. It dropped, a heap of ruffled feathers. I shall never get that little bird out of my head. And the worst of it is, that to all eternity I can never make any atonement."

"But God will forgive you, Charley."

"What do I care for that," he rejoined almost fiercely, "when the little bird cannot forgive me?—I would go on my knees to the little bird, if I could, beg its pardon and tell it what a brute I was, and it might shoot me if it would, and I should say 'Thank you.'"

He laughed almost hysterically, and the tears ran down his face.

I have said little about my uncle's teaching lest I should bore my readers. But there it came in, and therefore here it must come in. My uncle had, by no positive instruction, but by occasional observations, not one of which I can recall, generated in me a strong hope that the life of the lower animals was terminated at their death no more than our own. The man who believes that thought is the result of brain, and not the growth of an unknown seed whose soil is the brain, may well sneer at this, for he is to himself but a peck of dust that has to be eaten by the devouring jaws of Time; but I cannot see how the man who believes in soul at all, can say that the spirit of a man lives, and the spirit of his horse dies. I do not profess to believe anything *for certain* sure myself, but I do think that he who, if from merely philosophical considerations, believes the one, ought to believe the other as well. Much more must the theosophist believe it. But I had never felt the need of the doctrine until I beheld the misery of Charley over the memory of the dead sparrow. Surely that sparrow fell not to the ground without the Father's knowledge.

"Charley! how do you know," I said,

"that you can never beg the bird's pardon? If God made the bird, do you fancy with your gun you could destroy the making of his hand? If he said, 'Let there be,' do you suppose you could say 'There shall not be'?" (Mr. Forest had read that chapter of first things at morning prayers.) "I fancy myself that for God to put a bird all in the power of a silly thoughtless boy —"

"Not thoughtless! not thoughtless! There is the misery!" said Charley.

But I went on —

"— would be worse than for you to shoot it."

A great glow of something I dare not attempt to define grew upon Charley's face. It was like what I saw on it when Clara laid her hand on his. But presently it died out again, and he sighed —

"If there *were* a God — that is, if I were sure there was a God, Wilfrid!"

I could not answer. How could I? I had never seen God, as the old story says Moses did on the clouded mountain. All I could return was,

"Suppose there should be a God, Charley! — Mightn't there be a God?"

"I don't know," he returned. "How should I know whether there *might* be a God?"

"But *may* there not be a *might* be?" I rejoined.

"There may be. How should I say the other thing?" said Charley.

I do not mean this was exactly what he or I said. Unable to recall the words themselves, I put the sense of the thing in as clear a shape as I can.

We were seated upon a stone in the bed of the stream, off which the sun had melted the ice. The bank rose above us, but not far. I thought I heard a footstep. I jumped up, but saw no one. I ran a good way up the stream to a place where I could climb the bank; but then saw no one. The footstep, real or imagined, broke our conversation at that point, and we did not resume it. All that followed was —

"If I were the sparrow, Charley, I would not only forgive you, but haunt you for ever out of gratitude that you were sorry you had killed me."

"Then you *do* forgive me for frightening you?" he said eagerly.

Very likely Charley and I resembled each other too much to be the best possible companions for each other. There was however this difference between us — that he had been bored with religion and

I had not. In other words, food had been forced upon him, which had only been laid before me.

We rose and went home. A few minutes after our entrance, Mr. Forest came in — looking strange, I thought. The conviction crossed my mind that it was his footstep we had heard over our heads as we sat in the channel of the frozen stream. I have reason to think that he followed us for a chance of listening. Something had set him on the watch — most likely the fact that we were so much together and did not care for the society of the rest of our schoolfellows. From that time certainly, he regarded Charley and myself with a suspicious gloom. We felt it, but beyond talking to each other about it and conjecturing its cause, we could do nothing. It made Charley very unhappy at times, deepening the shadow which brooded over his mind; for his moral skin was as sensitive to changes in the moral atmosphere as the most sensitive of plants to those in the physical. But unhealthy conditions in the smallest communities cannot last long without generating vapours which result in some kind of outburst.

The other boys, naturally enough, were displeased with us for holding so much together. They attributed it to some fancy of superiority, whereas there was nothing in it beyond the simplest preference for each other's society. We were alike enough to understand each other, and unlike enough to interest and aid each other. Besides, we did not care much for the sports in which boys usually explode their superfluous energy. I preferred a walk and a talk with Charley to anything else.

I may here mention that these talks had nearly cured me of castle-building. To spin yarns for Charley's delectation would have been absurd. He cared for nothing but the truth. And yet he could never assure himself that anything was true. The more likely a thing looked to be true, the more anxious was he that it should be unassailable; and his fertile mind would in as many moments throw a score of objections at it, looking after each with eager eyes as if pleading for a refutation. It was the very love of what was good that generated in him doubt and anxiety.

When our schoolfellows perceived that Mr. Forest also was dissatisfied with us, their displeasure grew to indignation; and we did not endure its manifestations without a feeling of reflex defiance.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN EXPLOSION.

ONE spring morning we had got up early and sauntered out together. I remember perfectly what our talk was about. Charley had started the question: "How could it be just to harden Pharaoh's heart and then punish him for what came of it?" I who had been brought up without any superstitious reverence for the Bible, suggested that the narrator of the story might be accountable for the contradiction, and simply that it was not true that God hardened Pharaoh's heart. Strange to say, Charley was rather shocked at this. He had as yet received the dogma of the infallibility of the Bible without thinking enough about it to question it. Nor did it now occur to him what a small affair it was to find a book fallible, compared with finding the God of whom the book spoke, fallible upon its testimony — for such was surely the dilemma. Men have been able to exist without a Bible: if there be a God it must be in and through him that all men live; only if he be not true, then in him, and not in the first Adam, all men die.

We were talking away about this, no doubt after a sufficiently crude manner, as we approached the house, unaware that we had lingered too long. The boys were coming out from breakfast for a game before school.

Amongst them was one of the name of Home, who considered himself superior, from his connection with the Scotch Homes. He was a big, strong, pale-faced, handsome boy, with the least bit of a sneer always hovering upon his upper lip. Charley was half a head shorter than he, and I was half a head shorter than Charley. As we passed him, he said aloud, addressing the boy next him —

"There they go — a pair of sneaks!"

Charley turned upon him at once, his face in a glow.

"Home," he said, "no gentleman would say so."

"And why not?" said Home, turning and striding up to Charley in a magnificent manner.

"Because there is no ground for the assertion," said Charley.

"Then you mean to say I am a liar."

"I mean to say," returned Charley, with more promptitude than I could have expected of him, "that if you are a gentleman you will be sorry for it."

"There is my apology then!" said Home, and struck Charley a blow on the

head which laid him on the ground. I believe he repented it the moment he had done it.

I caught one glimpse of the blood pouring over the transparent blue-veined skin, and rushed at Home in a transport of fury.

I never was brave one step beyond being able to do what must be done and bear what must be borne; and now it was not courage that inspired me, but a righteous wrath.

I did my best, got a good many hard blows, and planted not one in return, for I had never fought in my life. I do believe Home spared me, conscious of wrong. Meantime some of them had lifted Charley and carried him into the house.

Before I was thoroughly mauled, which must have been the final result, for I would not give in, the master appeared, and in a voice such as I had never heard from him before, ordered us all into the schoolroom.

"Fighting like bullies!" he said. "I thought my pupils were gentlemen at least!"

Perhaps dimly aware that he had himself given some occasion to this outbreak, and imagining in his heart a show of justice, he seized Home by the collar, and gave him a terrible cut with the riding whip which he had caught up in his anger. Home cried out, and the same moment, Charley appeared, pale as death.

"Oh, sir!" he said, laying his hand on the master's arm, appealingly, "I was to blame too."

"I don't doubt it," returned Mr. Forest. "I shall settle with *you* presently. Get away."

"Now, sir!" he continued, turning to me — and held the whip suspended, as if waiting a word from me to goad him on. He looked something else than a gentleman himself just then. It was a sudden outbreak of the beast in him.

"Will you tell me why you punish me, sir, if you please? What have I done?" I said.

His answer was such a stinging blow that for a moment I was bewildered, and everything reeled about me. But I did not cry out — I know that, for I asked two of the fellows after.

"You prate about justice!" he said. "I will let you know what justice means — to *you* at least."

And down came a second cut as bad as the first. My blood was up.

"If this is justice, then there is no God," I said.

He stood aghast. I went on.

"If there be a God——"

"If there be a God!" he shrieked, and sprang towards me.

I did not move a step.

"I hope there is," I said, as he seized me again; "for you are unjust."

I remember only a fierce succession of blows. With Voltaire and the French revolution present to his mind in all their horror, he had been nourishing in his house a toad of the same spawn! He had been remiss, but would now compel those whom his neglect had injured to pay off his arrears! A most orthodox conclusion! but it did me little harm: it did not make me think that God was unjust, for my uncle not Mr. Forest was my type of Christian. The harm it did was of another sort—and to Charley, not to me.

Of course, while under the hands of the executioner, I could not observe what was going on around me. When I began to awake from the absorption of my pain and indignation, I found myself in my room. I had been ordered thither, and had mechanically obeyed. I was on my bed, staring at the door, at which I had become aware of a gentle tapping.

"Come in," I said; and Charley—who, although it was his room as much as mine, never entered when he thought I was there without knocking at the door—appeared, with the face of a dead man. Sore as I was, I jumped up.

"The brute has not been thrashing *you*, Charley!" I cried, in a wrath that gave me the strength of a giant. With that terrible bruise above his temple from Home's fist, none but a devil could have dared to lay hands upon him!

"No, Wilfrid," he answered; "no such honour for me! I am disgraced for ever!"

He hid his wan face in his thin hands.

"What do you mean, Charley?" I said. "You cannot have told a lie!"

"No, Wilfrid. But it doesn't matter now. I don't care for myself any more."

"Then Charley, what *have* you done?"

"You are always so kind, Wilfrid!" he returned with a hopelessness which seemed almost coldness.

"Charley," I said, "if you don't tell me what has happened——"

"Happened!" he cried. "Hasn't that man been lashing at you like a dog, and I *didn't* rush at him, and if I couldn't fight, being a milksop, then bite and kick and scratch, and take my share of it? Oh God!" he cried in agony, "if I had but a chance again! But nobody ever has more than one chance in this world. He may

damn me now when he likes: I don't care."

"Charley! Charley!" I cried; "you're as bad as Mr. Forest. Are you to say such things about God, when you know nothing of him? He may be as good a God, after all, as even we should like him to be."

"But Mr. Forest is a clergyman."

"And God was the God of Abraham before ever there was a clergyman to take his name in vain," I cried; for I was half mad with the man who had thus wounded my Charley. "I am content with you, Charley. You are my best and only friend. That is all nonsense about attacking Forest. What could you have done, you know?—Don't talk such rubbish."

"I might have taken my share with you," said Charley, and again buried his face in his hands.

"Come, Charley," I said, and at the moment a fresh wave of manhood swept through my soul; "you and I will take our share together a hundred times yet. I have done my part now: yours will come next."

"But to think of not sharing your disgrace, Wilfrid!"

"Disgrace!" I said, drawing myself up, "where was that?"

"You've been beaten," he said.

"Every stripe was a badge of honour," I said, "for I neither deserved it nor cried out against it. I feel no disgrace."

"Well, I've missed the honour," said Charley; "but that's nothing, so you have it. But not to share your disgrace would have been mean. And it's all one; for I thought it was disgrace and I did not share it. I am a coward for ever, Wilfrid."

"Nonsense! He never gave you a chance. I never thought of striking back: how should *you*?"

"I will be your slave, Wilfrid! You are so good, and I am so unworthy."

He put his arms round me, laid his head on my shoulder, and sobbed. I did what more I could to comfort him, and gradually he grew calm. At length he whispered in my ear—

"After all, Wilfrid, I do believe I was horror-struck, and it *wasn't* cowardice pure and simple."

"I haven't a doubt of it," I said. "I love you more than ever."

"Oh Wilfrid! I should have gone mad by this time but for you. Will you be my friend whatever happens?—Even if I should be a coward after all?"

"Indeed I will, Charley.— What do you think Forest will do next?"

We resolved not to go down until we were sent for; and then to be perfectly quiet, not speaking to any one unless we were spoken to; and at dinner we carried out our resolution.

When bed-time came, we went as usual to make our bow to Mr. Forest.

"Cumbermede," he said sternly, "you sleep in No. 5 until further orders."

"Very well, sir," I said, and went, but lingered long enough to hear the fate of Charley.

"Home," said Mr. Forest, "you go to No. 3."

That was our room.

"Home," I said, having lingered on the stairs until he appeared, "you don't bear me a grudge, do you?"

"It was my fault," said Home. "I had no right to pitch into you. Only you're such a cool beggar! But by Jove I didn't think Forest would have been so unfair. If you forgive me, I'll forgive you."

"If I hadn't stood up to you, I couldn't," I returned. "I knew I hadn't a chance. Besides I hadn't any breakfast."

"I was a brute," said Home.

"Oh I don't mind for myself; but there's Osborne! I wonder you could hit him."

"He shouldn't have jawed me," said Home.

"But you did first."

We had reached the door of the room which had been Home's and was now to be mine, and went in together.

"Didn't you now?" I insisted.

"Well I did; I confess I did. And it was very plucky of him."

"Tell him that, Home," I said. "For God's sake tell him that. It will comfort him. You must be kind to him, Home. We're not so bad as Forest takes us for."

"I will," said Home.

And he kept his word.

We were never allowed to share the same room again, and school was not what it had been to either of us.

Within a few weeks, Charley's father, to our common dismay, suddenly appeared, and the next morning took him away. What he said to Charley, I do not know. He did not take the least notice of me, and I believe would have prevented Charley from saying good-bye to me. But just as they were going, Charley left his father's side, and came up to me with a flush on his face and a flash in his eye that made him look more manly and handsome than I had ever seen him, and shook hands with me, saying—

"It's all right—isn't it, Wilfrid?"

"It is all right, Charley, come what will," I answered.

"Good-bye then, Wilfrid."

"Good-bye, Charley."

And so we parted.

I do not care to say one word more about the school. I continued there for another year and a half. Partly in misery, partly in growing eagerness after knowledge, I gave myself to my studies with more diligence. Mr. Forest began to be pleased with me, and I have no doubt plumed himself on the vigorous measures by which he had nipped the bud of my infidelity. For my part I drew no nearer to him, for I could not respect or trust him after his injustice. I did my work for its own sake, uninfluenced by any desire to please him. There was in fact no true relation between us any more.

I communicated nothing of what had happened to my uncle, because Mr. Forest's custom was to read every letter before it left the house. But I longed for the day when I could tell the whole story to the great, simple-hearted man.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ONLY A LINK.

BEFORE my return to England, I found that familiarity with the sights and sounds of a more magnificent nature, had removed my past life to a great distance. What had interested my childhood had strangely dwindled, yet gathered a new interest from its far off and forsaken look. So much did my past wear to me now the look of something read in a story, that I am haunted with a doubt whether I may not have communicated too much of this appearance to my description of it, although I have kept as true as my recollections would enable me. The outlines must be correct: if the colouring be unreal, it is because of the haze which hangs about the memories of the time.

The revisiting of old scenes, is like walking into a mausoleum. Everything is a monument of something dead and gone. For we die daily. Happy those who daily come to life as well!

I returned with a clear conscience, for not only had I as yet escaped corruption, but for the greater part of the time at least I had worked well. If Mr. Forest's letter which I carried to my uncle, contained any hint intended to my disadvantage, it certainly fell dead on his mind; for he treated me with a consideration and respect which at once charmed and humbled me.

I fully expected that now at least he would tell me the history of the watch and the sword: even yet I was disappointed. But I doubt whether indeed he could have given me any particulars. One day as we were walking together over the fields, I told him the whole story of the loss of the weapon at Moldwarp Hall. Up to the time of my leaving for Switzerland I had shrunk from any reference to the subject, so painful was it to me, and so convinced was I that his sympathy would be confined to a compassionate smile and a few words of condolence. But glancing at his face now and then as I told the tale, I discovered more of interest in the play of his features than I had expected; and when he learned that it was absolutely gone from me, his face flushed with what seemed anger. For some moments after I had finished, he was silent. At length he said,

"It is a strange story, Wilfrid, my boy. There must be some explanation of it, however."

He then questioned me about Mr. Close, for suspicion pointed in his direction. I was in great hopes he would follow my narrative with what he knew of the sword, but he was still silent, and I could not question him, for I had long suspected that its history had to do with the secret which he wanted to keep from myself.

The very day of my arrival, I went up to my grandmother's room, which I found just as she had left it. There stood her easy chair, there her bed, there the old bureau. The room looked far less mysterious now that she was not there; but it looked painfully deserted. One thing alone was still as it were enveloped in its ancient atmosphere—the bureau. I tried to open it—with some trembling, I confess; but only the drawers below were unlocked, and in them I found nothing but garments of old fashioned stuffs, which I dared not touch.

But the day of childish romance was over, and life itself was too strong and fresh to allow me to brood on the past for more than an occasional half-hour. My thoughts were full of Oxford, whither my uncle had resolved I should go; and I worked hard in preparation.

"I have not much money to spare, my boy," he said; "but I have insured my life for a sum sufficient to provide for your aunt, if she should survive me; and after her death it will come to you. Of course the old house and the park, which have been in the family for more years than I can tell, will be yours at my death. A good part of the farm was once ours

too, but not for these many years. I could not recommend you to keep on the farm; but I confess I should be sorry if you were to part with our own little place, although I do not doubt you might get a good sum for it from Sir Giles, to whose park it would be a desirable addition. I believe at one time, the refusal to part with our poor little vineyard of Naboth, was cause of great offence, even of open feud, between the great family at the Hall and the yeomen who were your ancestors; but poor men may be as unwilling as rich to break one strand of the cord that binds them to the past. But of course when you come into the property, you will do as you see fit with your own."

"You don't think, uncle, I would sell this house, or the field it stands in, for all the Moldwarp estate? I too have my share of pride in the family, although as yet I know nothing of its history."

"Surely, Wilfrid, the feeling, for one's own people who have gone before, is not necessarily pride!"

"It doesn't much matter what you call it, uncle."

"Yes, it does, my boy. Either you call it by the right name or by the wrong name. If your feeling is pride, then I am not objecting to the name, but the thing. If your feeling is not pride, why call a good thing by a bad name? But to return to our subject: my hope is, that if I give you a good education, you will make your own way. You might, you know, let the park, as we call it, for a term of years."

"I shouldn't mind letting the park," I answered, "for a little while; but nothing should ever make me let the dear old house. What should I do, if I wanted it to die in?"

The old man smiled, evidently not displeased. "What do you say to the bar?" he asked.

"I would rather not," I answered.

"Would you prefer the church?" he asked, eyeing me a little doubtfully.

"No, certainly, uncle," I answered. "I should want to be surer of a good many things before I dared teach them to other people."

"I am glad of that, my boy. The fear did cross my mind for a moment, that you might be inclined to take to the church as a profession, which seems to me the worst kind of infidelity. A thousand times rather would I have you doubtful about what is to me the highest truth, than regarding it with the indifference of those who see in it only the prospect of a social

position and livelihood. Have you any plan of your own?"

"I have heard," I answered, circuitously, "that many barristers have to support themselves by literary work, for years before their own profession begins to show them favour. I should prefer going in for the writing at once."

"It must be a hard struggle either way," he replied; "but I should not leave you without something to fall back upon. Tell me what makes you think you could be an author."

"I am afraid it is presumptuous," I answered, "but as often as I think of what I am to do, that is the first thing that occurs to me. I suppose," I added, laughing, "that the favour with which my school-fellows at Mr. Elder's used to receive my stories, is to blame for it. I used to tell them by the hour together."

"Well," said my uncle, "that proves at least that if you had anything to say, you might be able to say it; but I am afraid it proves nothing more."

"Nothing more, I admit. I only mentioned it to account for the notion."

"I quite understand you, my boy. Meantime, the best thing in any case will be Oxford. I will do what I can to make it an easier life for you than I found it."

Having heard nothing of Charley Osborne since he left Mr. Forest's, I went one day very soon after my return, to call on Mr. Elder, partly in the hope of learning something about him. I found Mrs. Elder unchanged, but could not help fancying a difference in Mr. Elder's behaviour, which, after finding I could draw nothing from him concerning Charley, I attributed

to Mr. Osborne's evil report, and returned foiled and vexed. I told my uncle, with some circumstance, the whole story; explaining how, although unable to combat the doubts which occasioned Charley's unhappiness, I had yet always hung to the side of believing.

"You did right to do no more, my boy," said my uncle; "and it is clear you have been misunderstood — and ill-used besides. But every wrong will be set right some day."

My aunt showed me now far more consideration — I do not say — than she had felt before. A curious kind of respect mingled with her kindness, which seemed a slighter form of the observance with which she constantly regarded my uncle.

My study was pretty hard and continuous. I had no tutor to direct me or take any of the responsibility off me.

I walked to the Hall one morning, to see Mrs. Wilson. She was kind, but more stiff even than before. From her I learned two things of interest. The first, which beyond measure delighted me, was, that Charley was at Oxford — had been there for a year. The second was that Clara was at school in London. Mrs. Wilson shut her mouth very primly after answering my question concerning her; and I went no further that direction. I took no trouble to ask her concerning the relationship of which Mr. Coningham had spoken. I knew already from my uncle that it was a fact, but Mrs. Wilson did not behave in such a manner as to render me inclined to broach the subject. If she wished it to remain a secret from me, she should be allowed to imagine it such.

BESIDES the objects brought from the Guano Islands of Guanape, on the coast of Peru, by Mr. Josiah Harris, and exhibited at the Ethnological Society last year, we have now the report of a large find. The most interesting objects are rude representations of the human figure, cut in very hard wood. On the north island, beneath forty feet of guano, a cavity was come upon, which, on the removal of the guano, was found to be a cave, leading downwards further forty feet. This was a kind of Pompeii, but blocked with bird dung instead of volcanic ashes. It had been evidently frequented by man, and contained many handwrought works, and also well-preserved seawall and other birds' lizards' eggs, but all petrified, as it were, in guano. In many cases the colour of the eggs is preserved. The cracks and fissures in the walls of the cave

were found filled with solidified ammoniacal salt. Two pieces of earthenware vases were found, bearing figures, also two gold earrings, and a bundle of medicinal herbs tied up in woven cloth. Local antiquaries consider the objects as far older than the time of the Spanish conquest. The point of interest is the accumulation of guano above the surface.

Nature.

WE learn from the *Grocer* that experiments recently carried on in India have proved that coffee pulp will yield, upon distillation, 9 per cent. of its own weight of spirit, equal in strength to Scotch whisky. Nothing is said as to the flavour of this in its raw state, but it appears to realize on the spot a price nearly equivalent to 4s. 6d. per gallon.

From London Society.
THE DUTCHMAN AT HOME.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is scarcely any nation in the world which has excited so little curiosity among us of late years as the Dutch. They have fallen from their former high estate; their language is only of use in Holland itself; and again, the run of trade is such, that though the Dutch are large buyers in England, they have few manufactures to tempt Englishmen to go there to buy, while tourists merely pass through the country on their way to more picturesque and sublimer scenes. But surely as on the whole there are no people in the world who so nearly resemble ourselves in all essential points of character and turns of thought, there is none so deserving of our intimate knowledge; for an Englishman, who has had the good fortune to spend some time with Dutch friends either in town or country, cannot fail to notice many ways and habits, now old-fashioned and passing from among ourselves, which the "Dutch conquest" by William introduced here, and which are still strong and vigorous there; while he will see many things peculiar to their domestic habits which of course will entirely escape the notice of the passing traveller.

An Englishman has for so many years past been accustomed to see the rapid growth of towns, and to hear of their population doubling every fiftieth year or so, that he can hardly bring himself to credit, what is nevertheless most true, that a country like Holland, which formerly played so important a part in the world, and is now in an eminent degree thriving and, to a limited extent, progressive, should remain almost stationary in the numbers of its population, and scarcely ever see its own towns expand beyond their ancient limits. For two centuries previous to the last twenty years, the building of an entirely new house was quite an event in the history of Amsterdam. The city was big enough for the people, for one thing. For another, the expense of sinking a foundation is so great that he must be a wealthy Dutchman who shall attempt the feat. His forefathers sunk piles seventy feet long through the mud into the clay, and he must, if he would build an entirely new house, do the same. He therefore generally contents himself with the old house, the foundation of which, of mere wooden piles, is often as much as six or seven hundred years old.

Every house, in so far as the shell is concerned, is constructed in the same way. The tops of the long seventy-foot piles are driven down to a depth of about six feet below the surface, and upon them is fastened a stout platform of planks, and the whole of the wood-work being constantly covered with water, this foundation, once laid, seems to be almost indestructible. Upon the platform is raised the house, with very strong walls of stone or clinker brick, tied together so firmly with numerous transverse beams, that at the top of a merchant's house, seven or eight stories high, may often be found a warehouse containing the heaviest iron goods. Each house commonly stands completely detached from its neighbour; and it may be safely said that though a very violent earthquake might topple these structures over bodily, it could not shake them to pieces.

Although many houses in Amsterdam, as they at present stand, are of much older date, a very great number of them are about two hundred or two hundred and fifty years old, the time of Dutch pre-eminence, when Van Tromp, or Tromp simply, as they call him, swept the seas, and the Dutch were the carriers of the world. Guilders were plentiful, and stocks there were none. The merchant did not know what to do with the profits of his private fleet; for land was not to be bought for money. Some buried the coin under the hearthstone; some were glad to get one per centum on loan, and all seem to have lavished countless sums in building and adorning their houses. A Hollander was asked the other day, what the city palace in Amsterdam cost in the building; he laughingly answered (and it is quite true, by the way), "They were so ashamed of their own extravagance that they burnt the accounts, and so, no one knows!"

A substantial Amsterdammer's house, plain only on the outside, is resplendent with white marble and glorious with carved work within. The walls of the chief rooms have been often painted by first-rate artists, and Italian sculptors must have had a fine time of it in the wealthy city, for their hand is to be seen on cornice and balustrade in many a simple merchant's house.

The British-born bow-window is not often to be seen even in the country, and the more antique oriel seems never to have been adopted by post-Reformation architects. But *Mevrouw* is not without the power of seeing up and down the

street at will, as she sits at her work; for by the little spiegelen—spy-mirrors—suspended upon strong metal-work on either side of her sitting-room window, she can calmly survey, herself out of view, the passing crowd and scene below.

The basement floor is always raised a few feet above the surface of the ground, to steal a little height in air for the kitchen, the floor of which is even then a foot or two below the level of the underlying ooze, but of course ooze-tight with cement—Bettingi, the cook, is stout and healthy notwithstanding—and ascending from the street by a flight of five or six steps, a very solid door admits you to a long and narrow passage, lofty and marbled on either side, and lighted by glass above the door. The drawing-room, or not unusually, the counting-house, with this passage, takes up the entire width of the house.

The first thought one has on entering any Dutch chamber, a drawing-room not excepted, is, "How very long!" the next, "How very bare!" Everything is handsome; but there is so little of it. No lounging-chairs, no round table with knick-knackeries; a cabinet with closed glass-doors of course, chairs placed in formal rows, a handsome chandelier, a stove-place, and that is all. You take a seat, and perhaps touch the wall with your elbow—lo! it yields to the touch. Wall-paper is a misnomer in Holland. Paper-hangings is the proper word. These sometimes are of oil paintings on canvas, sometimes of paper stretched on canvas fastened on light wooden frames, which can be taken down bodily when their gay coverings have to be renewed. Evidently these are the next descendants from tapestry and arras. The walls may be damp, and very probably are so, but then "they assume a virtue, if they have it not;" for one's eyes are never offended in Holland by dripping, smeared, washed-out wall-paper.

The bedrooms are also but scantily furnished, and, except in guest-chambers, one does not often see a chest of drawers or a wardrobe. A foreign visitor, indeed, is apt to be at a loss what to do with clothes, until he discovers that doors, cunningly concealed, open into cupboards all about the room. By-the-way, *Mevrouw* always hangs her dresses in these; she seldom folds them in a drawer.

At the top of the house, both in town and country, is invariably to be found a spacious laundry, extending, in fact, over the whole area of the house. In this the linen is stored in presses, and the clothing

of the past season, winter or summer, all duly turned inside out, hangs on pegs all about. Here, twice in the year, *Mevrouw* holds her grand saturnalia. Without doubt the most important item in a Dutch girl's dowry is linen. The quantity she thinks necessary for her own person and for household purposes is enormous. But then it should be known that she "washes" (the linen, of course) but twice in a year. Cuffs, collars, and muslins, she says, must be washed often; but all other things are flung, for a time, into huge buck-baskets big enough for half-a-dozen *Falstaffs* to hide in; indeed, these are astonishing baskets, and when full will weigh four or five hundred weight. Every house has a block and pulley firmly fixed to the ornamented coping of the roof, which, indeed, is purposely constructed to carry this useful machine, and forms a noticeable feature in the architecture of all the Dutch houses; and by means of the block, these huge baskets are readily lifted to and from the laundry, and furniture or heavy articles of any kind to the other stories through the windows. A visitor for the first time may see with amused bewilderment that particularly lumbering trunk of his wife's which has been the despair of railway porters throughout his journey, whipped up by invisible hands to a height of sixty or seventy feet in no time, and disappear through a bedroom window. The clothes are simply rough-washed in the country, and when sent back all the females in the house set to work for a good fortnight to mangle and iron, starch and crimp; and you may be sure that every bit of clothing a Dutch young lady of the middle classes is wearing has thus been got up by her own fair hands. The original outlay in linen is no doubt large, but the cheap mode of washing pays good interest for the money.

One thing is very remarkable in a Dutchman's house. You never see open bookshelves, and a stray book but seldom. The fact is, in the first place, that all books and personal property are stored away in the treasury cupboard in the bedroom; and next, *Paterfamilias*, while exercising a rigid censorship over all light and heavy literature dispersed about the house, keeps his own most carefully under lock and key. The books he has are not many; for Holland can scarcely be said to have a literature; and, great linguist though he be, with a familiar acquaintance with at least two, sometimes three or four modern languages beside his own, he contents himself with a few well-bound standard works

in these; and for light reading, is there not the newspaper? Besides, as office-hours are generally from nine to nine, the Dutchman has not much time for reading, and gets but little out of books when he has once laid them aside after leaving school, and entered upon the realities of life. Juf Vrouw's carefully hidden bookshelves are filled with the neat little volumes supplied by the public-spirited pirate Baron Tauchnitz; and though French and German are admitted only after a most careful selection, the parental censorship admits with little reserve all the modern English works of fiction and poetry, in which a daughter's choice little library mainly consists.

If it be true that there can be no real friendship between people who have not eaten and drunk together, the laws and customs of meals are of high importance. Was it not even at —, in the good old days, where the candidate for a fellowship having passed in the peerage, for "well-born," in *propria quæ maribus*, for "well-read," had to undergo a final and searching examination, under the eyes of experienced senior dons, as to the most polite mode of getting rid of cherry-tart stones, for "well-bred!" In nothing is a man so severely judged as in his behavior at meals, and in his mode of conducting them in his own house; and in these matters the Dutchman has his peculiarities.

The family meet in the morning-room for what may be called a very literal "break-fast." Mevrouw sits at the table, with her cherished china before her, and a steaming kettle on an open stove by her side on the floor. She gives to each a small cup of delicious tea, or not quite so good coffee, at choice; and this, with a single sandwich, of thin-sliced buttered black bread, flanked by the halves of a little new white roll, must content the sharpest morning appetite till midday. All is over in five minutes; and a terrible discomfort it is, on the first morning of trial, for him who has flattered his hungry soul by visions of kidneys or a juicy steak. But a good deal may be said in favour of this slender meal; for when reconciled to it by use, and thus gently stimulated after a good night of sleep, body and mind are in better condition for real hard work during the next three or four hours — the most important in the day — than when overburdened by a heavy breakfast: *crede experto*.

Mevrouw at once proceeds with a most important operation — that of "washing-up." She would no more entrust her pre-

cious china to the hands of a servant, than would a young mother the cutting of her baby's eyelashes to the under-nurse. It is even said, so general is the practice, that her most gracious M—y the Q—n of H—d performs the like anxious task. Washed and wiped, the china is carefully put away and locked up in the glass-sided cabinet for the admiration of beholders until the next meal; and thus these, as well as other valuable works of art stored in sight, are not kept merely for show, but, as surely is their proper function, are put to constant use. The gentleman light up cigars as a matter of course and go to business.

The next family meeting is generally at twelve. Mevrouw, her china, and her kettle are there as before; but this time there is a more plentiful supply of bread and butter and the black bread sandwich is supplemented by others of thin-sliced dried meat. The meal, however, scarcely differs from the earlier one, except that there is a larger quantity eaten, and a second cup of tea or coffee may be had. In the summer months light Rhine wines make their appearance. "Wash-up" as before, inevitable cigar, and separation.

These slight snacks, whets to appetite merely, lead up, in full accord with the famous principles of De Quincey, to dinner, the great, the preponderating meal, about which, as he almost sublimely says, "the whole day should centre;" and certainly a Dutch dinner is a tremendous fact. During one half of the twenty-four hours it is impossible to be unconscious that you have not dined, and during the other, not to be conscious that you have — the facts are too strong — appetite and repletion. Let us begin. Suppose the guests to be seated; there is one preliminary which seems odd to one accustomed to the audible and even sonorous grace before meat of our dear old rector. The hostess gives a peculiar glance round the table, says a few soft words, among which may be caught something like "prie;" instantly everybody looks steadily down into the plate before him, and the discovery may be made that each guest is supposed to be offering his own silent grace before meat; and before the stranger, not being a Quaker, has time to recover his bewilderment, a gentle rustle from the dress of the hostess, announcing that she has finished, is echoed by other rustles from all sides, and eyes look up with the transient gleam of evanishing piety.

Fish, flesh, and (not so commonly) fowl, and usually plainly cooked, are the staples.

The Dutch are so particular about their fish being perfectly fresh that a good housewife is not satisfied unless she sees them actually alive either in the market or brought swimming in water-tanks to her door. The first herring of the season is held a dish of luxury, and five shillings is a common price for an early one. Mighty dishes of vegetables, boiled and afterwards stewed in butter, appear as courses, and the quantity piled upon one's plate is at first embarrassing to the fleshly appetite. There are four or five varieties of the kidney-bean, all well worthy of commendation and of being cultivated in England to give variety to our dinner-tables. These beans are salted in large earthen jars, or preserved by an ingenious plan by baking for winter use, and fresh, salted, or preserved, they are brought upon the table throughout the year, when other green vegetables are not to be had; for without his great plateful of vegetable *per se* no Hollander holds himself to have properly dined. This may take the place of the plain pudding among ourselves, which is almost unknown in Holland, and is only produced in compliment to an English visitor, who may well be amazed at the fearful mess made of it, and amused, if not flattered, by a complaisance to his depraved tastes; for it comes to table as a huge dish full to the brim with fruit, covered with paste of the thickest and heaviest; and, baked or boiled, this is called an English pudding! There are invariably two courses of solid meat; and the changes are rung upon beef, veal and ham, for mutton and lamb are scarcely ever eaten. Good mutton is not to be had in Holland. There is some peculiarity in the pastures or climate which makes mutton very rank and tallowy. The poor people eat it, of course, and so they do geese, which are by no means looked upon as a luxury; but a greater number by far of fat sheep than are consumed in Holland are shipped for the English, particularly the London, market; and it is said, that after pasturing for a fortnight or three weeks in England, the over-rich flavour leaves their meat, which, however, when brought to market is still inferior in quality to ordinary English born and bred mutton.

The amenities of the table and its customs have their slight peculiarities. The *pièce de resistance* and other meat dishes are carved by the host into slices upon a plate which is passed from guest to guest, who help themselves according to fancy, every gentleman having previously taken good care of his left-hand lady, his own pe-

culiar charge. A stranger will soon be taught that she expects him to choose a slice to her liking, and having helped himself and passed on the meat-plate, to make a tender inquiry about her selection of pickles, for he cannot but notice that she has meanwhile been making a solemn and deliberate survey of the great variety upon the table: pickles, she, and everybody, invariably eats with meat, hot or cold, and no wonder, the quality being really superb. The great pride of a Dutch housewife, if it may not be said that preserves are a greater, is pickles, and both of them make a great show upon the dinner-table. One little custom prevails in helping a fair left-hand neighbour to wine — the gentleman must be careful to pour a few drops into his own glass first. Whether this be simply to give himself the benefit of any particles of dust or cork upon the top, or be actually the remains of the ancient custom of tasting to deny the presence of poison in the cup, the thing is always done to the last glass. Possibly it may even be the heathen custom of libation, which is certainly practised by the lower classes in England; and in Holland the ceremony is gone through even with decanted wine.

The Dutch have solved the great eating-with-the-knife question in a very effectual manner by doing away with the temptation. Their native specimens of cutlery are so bad that in using them there can be no ever-recurring pleasure such as may be had in wielding a well-balanced, smooth, ivory-handled Rodgers, which answers to every turn of the wrist, and cuts so clean and true as to make one fancy even the toughest beefsteak negotiable into tid-bits. The diner in Holland is expected to cut up his meat and other eatables all at once upon his plate, as well as he can manage with his wretched implement, which he then gladly deposits upon a glass holder by his side, and proceeds to eat away with the fork alone, held in his right hand. The stock of cutlery, bad as it is, cannot be very large, for one knife and fork is all the allowance for each person during the whole dinner.

The various dishes of fresh fruit, or fruit preserved entire, such as peaches and apricots, are handed up in succession to the hostess first, who, having counted noses, cuts up into halves or quarters according to the number of guests and the quantity of fruit upon the dish, which is then passed from hand to hand, so that whether the supply be plentiful or scan-

ty, each guest, if he choose, may have his fair portion. This seems to be a hospitable method; it certainly prohibits on the one hand the display of selfish dexterity, not unseen at English tables, sometimes made on a dish of fine peaches, when there are a dozen or more to partake, or, on the other hand, of the modest forbearance which leaves the peaches untouched and the longing soul unsatisfied.

Immediately after eating has ceased the cigar-box is taken round by the children, if any are present, and no lady dreams of objecting, nor is even consent asked. After some little time all retire to the drawing-room, where *Mevrouw* finds her tea equipage ready to her hand; and when the gentlemen have had their small cup they lounge off to business until nine o'clock.

These hours of business must be terribly long and wearisome to the poor clerks; for it must not be imagined that hard work goes on all the time. Occasionally, of course, there is a press of business, which may engage them closely during the whole twelve hours; but as the last few hours are commonly spent in gossip, as is also the case with shopmen, it does seem that an early closing movement would not be amiss. It should not be forgotten, however, that the rule of the Dutch merchant in his office, and of the tradesman in his shop, is very much of that patriarchal kind which is almost defunct among ourselves. He considers it his duty to look after the morals of his dependents quite as much as to insist upon their work being properly done, and so, unwisely perhaps, keeps them under the supposed restraint of business late enough for the longing for dissipation to yield to the stronger desire for sleep.

The amusements and occupation of an evening at home in a family in easy circumstances, which is the sort of family whose daily life has been here described, are pretty nearly the same in all parts of the world of civilization, and those in Holland are no exception. A little music, needlework, and reading, with pleasant chat and small games, not forgetting the preparation of lessons by the children, pass away the time until ten o'clock, when after another "coffee-drinking," very similar to the early morning meal, the family retire to rest.

It still remains to give some account of the manners and customs of country life, births, weddings, and deaths, courting and religious practices, all of which will

show the truth of the adage "*autres pays, autres mœurs*," even in the case of our first cousins the Dutch, and will form the subject matter of another chapter.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SPRING'S HERALDS: A REMINISCENCE.

Few days in the year are more delightful than those "Spring's Heralds" which one meets with sometimes in February and March, when before winter has yet passed away there comes a bright short season of west winds and cloudless skies. Such days come upon you with all the charm of surprise and contrast; while your skin is still nipped with cold, or wet with chilly ooze and rain, suddenly you feel the air warm and dry, and yet keen, as with the delicate keenness of the Mediterranean. Even in the town a subtle change is visible. If you are fortunate enough to live where the Middle Ages have left their legacy of grey stone and crumbling walls, you will see a light upon the grey quite different from the light of winter—even from that of the mornings when the sun shone in January. Quick as the alteration has been, you get from the very house-fronts a sense that the year has turned, or is in the act of turning. To-day, for the first time since last summer ended, you are prepared to catch, down narrow-twisted streets and curving lanes, strange Nuremberg effects of crowded roofs and chimneys, that lend a wonderful interest to your English town. Naturally, you are not left alone to enjoy the warm sunlight. The ladies from the great house have brought out their open carriage to-day; the shop-girl that serves them sighs with envy as they leave her to drive back under the brilliant sky; the alley children are out in force, keeping holiday as merrily as though their courtyard were a forest-glade.

But the delights of the day, real enough in the town, are boundless in the country. Sea, mountain, lowland, alike feel the spell. The sea is at its best: instead of the grey of yesterday, greyer for the drizzle through which you looked upon it, instead of the brown lashed with white that spread below you so often on windy winter afternoons, there lies a lake as blue and still as upon an August day; for the salt water knows no seasons, but only darkness and sunshine, storm and calm. Or if your walk chance to lie among the Welsh mountains, or in any land of hills, experiences will

crowd upon you that will recall past springs; that will cancel the winter, as it were, or at best only leave it as a background to throw out the picture. Just as the special charm of the sea, at such a time, is in the sense of a vast surface of unbroken brightness coming suddenly upon you, so the special charm of mountains in the new sunshine is their lovely variety of light and shade. Few who have climbed an Alp or a Grampian in full summer-time have been blind to this; but now there is a fresh attraction in it, because it is now first visible, or rather because now for the first time the sun is warm as well as bright, and tempts you to dwell upon the exquisite alternations. That second similar thing which makes a mountain-ramble so delightful—the fact that the view is never for two moments the same—adds variety to variety, and on such a day would go far to intoxicate you with pleasure, if man lived through the eyes alone.

Fortunately sight is not the only sense! There are others which to-day will stimulate and satisfy, if you seek aright; there are stronger and subtler sympathies that will crowd upon you if you leave all thought of sea and mountain, and keep to the quiet midland plains. Even in landscape the plain may to-day compete with the mountain; you are not yet tired of its unbroken surface, its endless lines of road and hedge; and it has novelties that will make the novelties of the hills seem not more new. If the mountain shows light and shade, the plain shows colour. The road is dotted with the pools left by last night's rain, sparkling with a strange brightness as the sun strikes them, and lightening up, as they never need to do in summer, the sombre road and its flanking hedges of purple brown. The hedge is brown still, with no fleck of green save where a wild-rose has shot out a leaf before her time; the fields are only struggling towards greenness where the wheat or early vetch has burst, in little lines or dots irregularly scattered, through the rich red or red-brown loam; or where the long grass-lands, smiling to-day, are just beginning to throw off the greyness of winter. Only just now are the colours so absolutely perfect in their harmony. Another fortnight and those matchless browns will be hidden under their veil of green—lovely, it is true, but unvaried; to-day they are everywhere, quickened by the sun, enriched by the exquisite contrast of the thin streaks of spring corn. The woods, too, as yet with none of their later wealth of colour, supply the element of

light and shade which the curves of the earth give among the mountains. Scarcely is the faintest tinge of green beginning to appear on the branches; but the lacework for the passage of the light is all the more open for the lack of leaves, and as you stand by the first line of beech-trees you are hardly disposed to regret the splendour of autumn. The rays fall in chequered squares upon the carpet of yellow withered fern, and straggling brambles, and last year's leaves; if your eye is quick for flowers you may see under some trunk, itself in darkest shade, the yellow disc of the primrose or a group of violets hidden behind a briar. They are best near the river; but not yet. It is the great meadow-daisies and the wilder growth of innumerable May-flowers, besides its own lilies, that the river loves. This month, to-day, its Secret is no secret of flowery fields; it has but its own shining surface, its deep dun-coloured transparency, that draws you to its banks in this March sunlight. Who has not felt at such a time how wonderfully a bright midland river harmonizes with the scenes around it? Except now, it is cold: in winter horribly cold and to be shuddered at, in summer coldly invigorating, cold by delightful contrast; but there is something in this soft afternoon that absolutely dissociates from the stream all thoughts but that of the charm it has for eye and ear. From the hill-top it is just a strip of silver, making the eye rejoice; from its own banks it is a glancing moving mirror to the sun, and as you listen you note a new music in the whisper of its ripples.

The river brings us back to the point from which the mention of the midland plain carried us away. There is something more than the passive landscape—something of which the stream, full of sound and motion, gives the first hint; there is to-day a wonderful stimulus to life. No living thing in earth or air can resist the spell of the sunshine. Of course it is only a first awakening; Nature is niggardly as yet, and grudges you her delights. There is no butterfly, blue or sulphur-coloured, to glance across your way; no burnet-moth to flash like a flame over the green grass, no dragon-fly to hawk among the sedges; above all, there is no grasshopper to mix his shrill sound with the indefinable murmur that broods over a meadow in June. But all four-footed things are keenly alive. If you were to wait till the sun has come near his setting, you would see the rabbits come merrily out by scores; ungrateful and

negligent as they have been through the day, there will be a strange vivacity in their gambols this evening, as though they had felt the spring down in their hidden homes. Then, too, the hares—the “March hares”—three by three, will be madly active and frolicsome when they have left their hiding-places and come together to feed and play. Even now, if you are content to look at humbler life, a quick eye may catch sight of a darting field-mouse, who has his own small way of being glad in the light and warmth: even the timid and terrible weasel, most mysterious of animals, half beast, half snake, in his long thin body and gliding twisting motions and cruel eye, seems to forget to-day that he is the enemy of all things that have breath. Those animals that have felt the hand of man are specially conscious of the charm of these early seasons. The sheep are a shade less stupid than usual; their lambs, just old enough to begin their riotous ways, are chasing each other relentlessly, and rushing back with a piteous bleat to their mothers for the food that never comes amiss. The cattle, whose tranquillity no change can disturb, seem yet to bear a sign of the sleekness of summer in their aspect: there is more than acquiescence in the order of things in their full deep eyes to-day; there is something like positive contentment, which to them stands in the place of exultation. The horses, too, though most of them here are old servants that have done their work, or hacks too hardly ridden, and sent here to be restored, have a social air about them, and seem to be thinking of something else than the grass and the late-earned rest from weary labour.

But the birds! Who has not envied them, who does not love them, favourite children of the mighty mother? Dowered with three priceless gifts of nest and wings and song, how infinitely they out-top all other animals; how vainly man himself, though he learn to know them, tries to rival them! As yet we have little to do with the nest, which is to most birds a thing of the real spring-time: only here and there may an early adventurer be seen, flying down the breeze and grappling with a long straw or dried blade of grass that is well-nigh too heavy for him. Later in the year it will be our task, the task of another warm afternoon, to watch the process of that dainty architecture; to watch those buildings where art and contrivance and labour serve as handmaids to love, the love of the family. Those thoughts have

not yet come home to the bird's heart; love is there, but it is only growing into form, and finds its present expression in motion only, and here and there in song. To them the sunlight is a revelation of new life. No acquiescence, no mere contentment, but joy is present to every one after his kind. Even the solemn rooks, of all birds wisest and least understood, have a quiet but very visible delight in the new order of nature. It is not summer to them: it is not even spring to their unerring wisdom; it is only a warm bright afternoon out of season, and they have to enjoy it. Placidly they go about their daily work of feeding, or meeting in their rookeries, or travelling in that systematic way of theirs. Only by a certain additional mellowness in their cry, and by a disposition to sit basking on mounds and rails, do you detect their joy. But it is real; the same mysterious gladness which Virgil noted centuries ago is brooding over them still: *Nescio quā præter solitum dulcedine læti*; they exult in their quiet fashion at the change. The rook is a different bird to-day from what he was yesterday, when the rain was pelting him and the wind beating him hither and thither, and the boughs beneath his nest rocking like a ship at sea. Always unlike them are the birds linked with the rooks in such strange companionship, the starlings. Watch them in their flock in the pasture where the sheep are feeding. The rooks' sombre presence does not restrain them; they cannot contain themselves, pushing here, pushing there, with only half their heart in their present work of grub-finding, and the rest far away in the tree-tops, or still more likely in the holes where each is to have his nest this year. That is what the sun has done for the starling, making him even less decorous, more flighty than usual. Bright bird and most vexatious! with a dash of the south in his nature, warm-hearted, impulsive, boastful, noisy: with a dash of the tropical south even in his unrivalled plumage, and most of all in the passionate throat that swells and swells as he sits on the chimney's edge and whistles his love! It is not in crowds and companies that we like him best, but in those morning hours when, secure of one listener alone, he attends his chosen mate, and with straining voice and shaken wing gives full play to his southern nature.

The partridges have paired by this time; they are lively this afternoon, for the sun has tempted them out into the open places to bask and dream of the summer. So you will meet with them without holding

close to the hedgerows, where you would have found them yesterday; they will rise with the well-known whirr and cry as you top the knoll or come into close neighbourhood of their furrow. A pair of magpies, with their white all glancing in the sun, fly out of a distant hawthorn as you come in sight. From the pollards the missel-thrush is singing in that languid imitation of the blackbird, which is all the art he knows: and the blackbird himself, keeping back his song for the sunset and to-morrow's sunrise, starts with a wild note of alarm from the hedge from which the pollard springs. How the smaller birds are exulting! Their numbers are scanty as yet, and the sweetest of all singers are among those that are still lingering on the African shores, or in Italian olive-groves. The nightingale and all his train are absent; we cannot yet be captivated by the exquisite refinement that marks the note of the warblers, but there are others which to our ears, glad at this season to hear any melody, are almost as sweet as they. The chaffinch has been trying his alarm all day, improving with each repetition: the yellow-hammers cease from their aimless coquetry, and ply their notes again; and from the thicket which you are now nearing the wren is sending out volume after volume of shrillest sound. Most of all this afternoon is a perfect concert of skylarks; they are overflowing with music as ever, till, in spite of Shelley, we learn to rate them cheap for their very numerousness and ceaseless bounty. But if with single mind you listen for a moment to that wondrous strain, there is no need of a Shelley to tell you that it is precious and divine. There is no new thing to say about the skylark—his mystery has been long ago grasped by the poets, and they have been ever telling the world what he means. But it is a song that never can be old, its meaning can never fade into common-place. From his patch of sod, up and up to that point of heaven where he himself is lost and becomes a voice, that strain of varying cadence, but unvarying tone and power, comes down upon your ear, against all fancied laws of sound, with a subtle attractiveness of its own. Has he a thought of himself in it? a touch of vanity that we well might pardon in him? Unlikely: but if he had, how he would despise all other created things that might try to rival his power! "Take me a lion chained in a balloon," says Michelet's Toussenel; "his dull roaring would be lost in space. Infinitely stronger than he in voice and breath, the little lark soars as he spins his song, which you hear when you

can no longer see the singer. Gay, light, with no sense of fatigue or cost, that song seems like the joy of an invisible spirit that would console the earth." That is, perhaps, if one carried analysis very far, the real charm of birds; the sense of spontaneousness, or at least of perfect freedom which their movements and their songs present. Not their songs only—for that other gift of wings is as wonderful and mysterious; perhaps even more so to man, whose ceaseless, hopeless grief it is that he is chained and fastened to the earth. Symbol of all the fetters that bind the spirit, that inexorable law of gravitation, which admits of no compromise from man, is waived as it were at the instance of the bird. That is the second lesson of the skylark; or, if you would learn it from even brighter and gayer teachers, pass onward and look across the gate to the water-meadows that lie two fields away. No voice comes from them, but they are gay with the sun's rays, and the river shines silvery as it winds through them. That pair of lapwings that are flying over them—"seagulls of the land," if one may call them so—they shall teach you. Upward, downward, here and there; how free and inexpressibly full of grace their motions are, eager pursuit, coy avoidance, and all the arts of aerial love-making! Their glancing white and green are the uniform of the spring.

And yet it is not spring! A thick cloud has risen from the west to meet the declining sun, and shows how premature this excitement has been, how empty this delight. The air bites shrewdly: there is a murky night in store for us, and a stormy morrow. The rooks make for home; the lapwing sinks back into quietness; even the wren is dumb. It is March again.

Has not all this a "secret," such as a great poet has lately found for us in the stream? This brightness of the spring before its time, this short season, deploying such myriad charms, and yet deploying them half untruly—has it not its counterpart in the life of each of us? There is a sort of analogy in most men's lives to the order of the natural seasons; from the first passive period of fallow fields and dormant vitality they pass onward through the time of budding hopes to summer, and the inevitable decay. With some, it is true, there is no such apparent succession; life is all spring to them, or summer from their childhood onwards till the end comes in no wintry guise, but only as a summer storm. But,

in general, the seasons of life are like Nature's seasons: like the day subject to early dawns and late afterglows, like the year subject to spells of sunshine before the spring begins, and frosty nights at Midsummer. No life is wholly objectless, and few are without a conception of a prime to be touched and passed. Passion plays a part in all lives, the chief part in almost all; and there are few — and perhaps they are not the noblest — where the balance is so evenly kept that one passion has not made itself dominant. It is in the process of this towards its satisfaction, and in its final attainment, that human life finds its spring and summer. Ambition, or the search after knowledge, or the desire to benefit others, or that nameless longing which becomes love, when it has lost its vagueness — these are to life what its own laws of motion are to the world. They give it its April and its Midsummer, and the broad repose of its July: ambition, when the young mind first becomes conscious of influencing others, and on till the time when it feels its supremacy assured; intellectual search, from the beginning of real knowledge till the mind is full, and has learnt to rest; the desire of doing good, from the first dawn of contentment in the face of the wretched peasant whom you would console to the time when he and his begin to see a way to happiness; that other longing, from the moment of its first becoming definite to the time of love's final triumph. But all these modes of life, as they have their season, so they have their accidents of season — mistakes or premature revelations of their perfection, like this mistake of Nature to-day. These brilliant hours between two dreary nights, with flush of diffused light, with balmy breath and smiling earth and myriad voices of earth's children, are but the symbol of the moments that furtively illumine human life before its discipline of growth has been accomplished. Ambition gives many a foretaste of its success before success is possible; and the foretaste passes away and may leave bitterness behind. Knowledge, the passion of good — how often do these seem to reveal quite suddenly the splendour of their height, and yet fall back again as suddenly to their naturally imperfect stages. Disappointment is the normal atmosphere of that month of March through which life passes. Most of all it is the atmosphere that supervenes when that other vaguer, subtler desire, fancying itself no longer vague, declares itself before its time as though its

own springtide were here already. This afternoon, as amid a shower of farewells the carriage rolled away, bearing with its precious burden the memory of a sunny happy time, when all that was fertile in us was made manifest, all that was vocal stirred to speech and song, the thought rose irresistibly that this passing season, with the indescribable shadowiness that marred its thousand charms, had not been the spring after all, but only a Spring's Herald.

From The Saturday Review.
LYING.

TRUTH is one of the arts of peace. The subject of lying is necessarily brought before us in war time, when in many people's opinions and in all practice, men are privileged to lie as much as their cause requires. All the dispensations of casuists in every variety of case or contingency may be made to serve the needs of strategy. Lying is wrong because it is an injury to our neighbour, but the enemy *pro tem.* is not our neighbour; therefore we may lie to him. Again, it is lawful to lie by consent, even to our neighbour, when there is mutual understanding, and he gives up his right to be told the truth; therefore a system of lies may be concocted. The commander of a fort, for example, may report to head-quarters the exact contrary to the truth, and boast of abundance of food and ammunition when he hears his last biscuit and his last cartridge. Again, it is lawful to lie to madmen and children when it is for their good; and in the view of the military commander, the War Minister, or whoever is master of the situation, all civilians may be brought under one or other of these denominations. They are incompetent; he is the sole judge of what is really for their good. To "lie like a bulletin" has been the proverbial recognition, if not sanction, of this reversal of moral law. *La guerre*, which condones everything, condones this. Still, even with minds enlarged and reasoned into candour and toleration, the neutral world has been amazed and almost scandalized at the lying in the war just brought to a close. Enormous and unparalleled in other points, it has been enormous also in lying. Paris may number among its many privations a fast from fact and verity of more than a hundred days, having been fed instead with an airy diet of pleasing falsehood which

seemed very much to its taste; for lies have never a very wide and general currency unless there is an appetite and relish for them, a sense of complacency in the victim "befooled into a friendly, favourable, propitious lie." War indeed is so bitter an infliction that such alleviations as fancy can invent are a universal craving; only, as if in illustration of the national want of moderation, there has been an immoderate indulgence of it.

All men are liars, says the Psalmist, and no nation has a right to deny the axiom in its own case; but we think it no illiberality to say of the French that their notions of taste and fine effects habitually clash with unvarnished truth. It is not only in war time that rude fact jars upon them; it must be adapted, and made graceful, to fall in with their views of art. The personages in their novels are always perpetrating high-flown lies of self-sacrifice; a lie adds a grace to self-immolation. They have positive scruples against naked truth; whatever else goes bare, truth must be draped to satisfy a squeamish, fastidious delicacy. And this strikes us as so universal a characteristic that we read the biography of a French saint with as much suspicion as we read a French bulletin. It is conspicuously a work of art. Manipulation and suppression on the one hand, enhancement and skillful disposition of lights on the other, make altogether a sweet pretty picture: but it is glorified human nature sitting for its portrait. *La souveraineté du but*, that widely recognized argument, justifies what we vulgarly call "cooking." So long as the end is good and serves for edification, the means are comparatively immaterial. "Who wills the end wills the means," says piety. If the end is noble, all means are good, concludes un-pious patriotism. We are not assuming that the French tell stories and we don't, but we submit that they tell stories with a better conscience than we do. The British orator, statesman, biographer ignores and suppresses with a sheepish misgiving, but French art recognizes a duty to the Beautiful which rides over all petty scruples. There is no appetite for bare reality: if it spoils a good thing or shocks taste, mend it in the telling. Thus tempered, it not only pleases them more, but seems to do them more good. It is this decorative tendency which was so bitterly combated by M. Thiers in his speech upon the general collapse. "As long as you are a nation of declaimers you will be nothing, you will only become something by respect for the truth."

Every nation has its pet virtues, and its vices towards which it is lenient. As our public opinion pronounces against lying as ungentlemanly, to be found out in a lie is especially annoying, because damaging, to an Englishman. Shame, we take it, visits most sinners, not in the moment of commission but of discovery. What Oriental found out in the most deliberate falsehood would experience the sensations attributed by Jeremy Taylor to the man taken in a lie? "At first he knows not what to say or think or do, and his spirits huddle together and fain would go somewhere, but they know not whither, and do something, but they know not what." A fine description of shame, which would be felt to be quite exaggerated where dissimulation is a recognized accomplishment and art of policy. The British mind has no turn for casuistry; it has always a scruple against a lie in the abstract. If it approves of the result, it does not defend but explain. What Protestant divine before an ordinary congregation would venture on the apostrophe of St. Chrysostom to his Greek audience?—"O excellent lie!" with regard to the act of Rahab; he would rather expend his energies in accounting or apologizing for it. The *Times'* Correspondent who was saved the other day from an angry mob by a Frenchwoman's excellent lie—if ever there was one—that she had known him for years, knew his readers, and only hoped she would be forgiven for it. But though point-blank lying for a man's own advantage is a capital crime in our code of honour, the practice in some form or other obtains almost universal toleration. Because we are human we are prone to it. Every one has his region of licence, may we not say even the most scrupulous? "Rarer than the phoenix," says De Quincey, "is the virtuous man who will consent to lose a prosperous anecdote because it is a lie." Preaching on this very topic, an aged Colonial Bishop long ago lamented, "So and so is a good man, but he sold me a horse which he said was worth a thousand rupees and it was not worth fifty." Only let us hope that the British limit is at its narrowest; that whereas the Red Indian lies without scruple in everything but the number of his scalps and how he got them, the respectable Englishman is true in every respect but in telling a good story or selling a horse.

There are purists who maintain that all deception, every attempt to mislead or put upon a false scent, is a lie; that every act of domestic strategy comes under this denomination, and is therefore a lie; but this

will not hold. Lies have to do with words. Birds and beasts are often cunning deceivers, but to lie is strictly human. The lips speak guile, the hand indites it. To enlarge the field of lying is virtually to tolerate it. In seeming to be more strict we become less so. The person who argues that Lord Chesterfield's man of the world, who accosts with smiles men whom he would much rather meet with swords, is a liar, opens the floodgates to verbal falsehood. We cannot do without some politic dissimulation of expression; we do not allow ourselves the luxury of babbling countenances, but prefer to keep our thoughts to ourselves. If this is lying, as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb, and lie loudly and persistently whenever it suits us. Of course we much prefer a countenance that tells us the mind behind it to one that conceals it; but this does not hinder the frankest from the occasional necessary deception of blandness and smiles. No doubt Horner's "honest face, which had all the commandments written on it," was equal to this degree of untruth. Nor can we be less lenient to the innocent wiles and subterfuges of gaiety: —

When melancholy had her look
Then mirth was in her heart.

Hypocrisy may indeed be a course of lying, but not necessarily through deliberate, spoken falsehood. M. Vamberg gives it as his opinion that the Derivish's cloak is the *ne plus ultra* of hypocrisy — a patchwork of jagged rags, tacked together with pack-thread without, and often lined with rich silk within — an acted falsehood; yet it would serve the wearer little if his tongue were not ready on all occasions to back it.

And if words are necessary to the lie it is not everybody that, even lying in word, need be called a liar in fact. Candour shines through the formula of falsehood. Thus the immortal Miss Bates of fiction is always planning little falsehoods and contradicting them. "I shall say she is lying on the bed. However, she is not. She is walking about the room." Or the ingenuous M. Jourdain, of whom his master inquires, "Vous savez le Latin?" "Oui, mais faites comme si je ne le savais pas." On the other hand there are virtuous little falsehoods carried on all unconsciously in some dependent minds, which, with seeming goodness, really undermine the sense of truth; such as are indicated in the advice to the young wife to admire her husband for the qualities he *has*, not for those he *has not* — a hocus pocus which, consistently maintained under the state-

ment that what ought to be is, fairly fudges the moral perception.

There is in many a converser a looseness of statement that throws all he says into a sort of debatable land. He has been telling us things as facts which are not facts, but whether he lies or not depends on the state of his own mind, whether it is capable of lying, which to deserve the term is always a deliberate act. This is called romancing, in which the speaker may be more mystified than his audience. He allows himself undoubtedly a sort of liberty which can hardly have been first contracted without design, but which, once fixing into a habit, renders severe truth impossible. Some minds are conscious of a keen delight in emancipation from hampering truth, when once satisfied of the expediency or necessity of departing from it. Mrs. Gaskell in one of her stories has an amiable old maid who feels it necessary to disguise the antecedents of her *protégée*. She has never fibbed before, but becomes sensible of a new pleasure in launching into fiction, and adorns the bare falsehood which would have served her purpose with much unnecessary but picturesque detail, relating with naive elation how pleasant and easy she found it. A young curate imping his wings in a first flight of oratory at a public meeting began an appropriate anecdote, and forgot how it went on. To break down was a degradation not to be thought of; he pursued his tale of conversion through the aid of a ready fancy, and could not conceal his exultation afterward; at his success. The romancing faculty generally, to which we owe so much, needs looking after, or it is apt to accompany a man into the common road of life. A plain man can hardly get over the figment; which authors permit themselves in the matter of their works. Southey wrote a letter to the *Quarterly* disowning his authorship of the *Doctor*, in terms which induced the editor to confess himself mistaken. Gifford mislaid the letter, so could not refer to it when the authorship was brought home to Southey. In its absence he could only assume that there was a loophole, but could remember none. Some observers have even noticed that inherited imagination is prone to indulge itself in the field of real life, that the children of novel-writers are under a special temptation to subtleties which mislead more matter-of-fact intelligences.

Fluent lying is among the most wonderful feats of the intellect. Human nature is not clever enough for a Mrs. Gamp in action. When the Colonel in the play runs

on in a string of inventions, his accomplice cannot withhold his admiration, "Faith, one would swear he had learnt to lie at school!" This is the genius of imposture; a great imposture carried on *vivâ voce* is a first-class achievement. When once the lie is viewed in its æsthetic aspect, there are many modes of meeting it. Besides the plain tale that sets it down summarily, there is the compromise, involving perhaps some confusion of ideas; as in the case of the American editor who was thankful that only half the lies told about him were true. Swift says the only effectual way of meeting a lie is not by truth, but by another lie, which is the system practised in a Hindoo trial. Considering, he argues, the cylindrical surface of the soul, and the great propensity to believe lies in the generality of mankind, the properest contradiction to a lie is another lie; *e. g.* if it should be reported that the Pretender was in London one would not contradict it by saying he never was in England, but you must prove by eye-witnesses that he came no further than Greenwich, and then went back again. The only thing to be said for this mode is that experience shows us that every flight of imagination has a way of verifying itself sooner or later. The Pretender had not been in England when Swift wrote, but he came in the end, and went back again very much after this programme: and the fluent liar who might have learnt his art at school had a theory about the sun, which was received by the audience as arrant nonsense, but which is uncommonly like the conclusions of modern science.

From The Globe.

THE ETHICS OF SUCCESS.

THE worship of success is a form of idolatry against which a wise philosophy would wage remorseless warfare. The discovery that, although mortals cannot command, they may deserve it, takes it out of the catalogue of those inscrutable mysteries to which a limited intellect must needs succumb. Moreover, it is by no means so great and overpowering a thing in itself as we are apt to suppose. It is very far from absorbing all the consequences of the train of actions to which it stands as an end. The ways and the means by which the goal is reached and the prize won, are left behind or cast aside and forgotten, but they are not destroyed. Human action is indestructible, and it always

exerts two sets of influence which are wholly distinct from, and entirely unaffected by, the particular object at which they are aimed. A purpose may be successful or it may be foiled, but the effort reacts upon the mind and character from which it springs, and it also operates directly, and, as an example, upon others. The reflex action, and the collateral effects are determined by the motive and nature of the efforts put forth rather than by the end they were intended to gain. Remembering, therefore, the several steps and endeavours it commonly requires to accomplish any serious purpose, it will be evident how much more important the consequences of any course of conduct or policy must be, than the simple result which we call *success*; and how entirely erroneous is the presumption that nothing succeeds like success, or is entitled to the same esteem.

An exaggerated notion of the nature and importance of success tells directly in support of that most pernicious heresy that "the end justifies the means"—a false doctrine, quite as disastrous to sound morals or common honesty as to sincere and genuine religion. The special conceit in which tender, or more correctly, weak, consciences take refuge, is that "the end may *condone* the means:" but the general idea is the same, and equally mischievous in any shape. If the result be good the process by which it has been attained is too commonly regarded with a charity which thinketh no evil of unworthy acts and principles of action, for which it ought to exhibit nothing but abhorrence. But this is not the only, or by any means the worst, consequence of worshipping success. In case of failure, all the good, well-aimed, and self-sacrificing efforts which have been put forth count for nought. Nothing can be more unfair in itself or injurious to the cause of well-doing, than the neglect to appreciate *effort* as well as *effect*, and to reward good endeavours and honest work for their own sake. The theory that everything must be judged by results is by no means universal in its application or sound in its philosophy. Another effect of ignoring the importance of "means," apart from the "ends" to which they are directed, is their unscrupulous use and careless handling. To use any means, regardless of its character, is the first temptation. To rely on the power of employing "whatever may turn up" as "means to the end in view," is the second and more seductive allurements.

A faculty of what people are pleased to call "ready wit" or "tact," comes to be

esteemed and cultivated as a better, because more serviceable, quality than the knowledge and power displayed in intelligent and earnest purpose. Mere "cleverness" is held of greater value than sterling ability, and a dexterous manipulation of men and measures takes the place of, and does duty for, a set policy. As a matter of experience, no doubt the largest results are very often obtained by this kind of activity. But it is not the less unreal and mischievous because it happens to pass current. The practice is particularly taking with the busy world, and especially with the class of adventurers hasting to be great, because the whole stock of their energy can be concentrated on the business of utilizing means ready to hand, and "making the most of every opportunity," instead of being devoted to the acquisition of personal skill. Every faculty grows by its use, and the power of cleverly appropriating other people's ideas and labours is no exception to the rule. The cultivation of that particular aptitude is made a distinct department of mental training; and those who excel in the art of "making way in the world" are not only more successful, but incomparably better thought of, than the less nimble workers who plod along the old and too much neglected ways of real labour and sterling principle. In proportion as attention is directed to the perfecting of this special artifice of parasitical expertness, it is diverted from the business of plain, straightforward, and intelligent industry. A tricky and haphazard policy is found to be quite as good in practice if only it succeeds, and not one jot worse if it fails; it therefore comes to be relied upon with as much faith and earnestness as the most solid and genuine ability.

There is positively no just reason why success should be worshipped or failure despised. The one does not stamp the impress of respectability on the means by which it has been attained, nor does the other render the efforts whereby it has been sought unworthy or even useless. Whether the particular success to which the world does homage be the unification of States in one colossal empire, the acquisition of power for a party and place for an individual, or the attainment of some private end in life, the same conditions apply. The end cannot justify or even condone the means; nor are the collateral evils to which the succession of efforts may have given rise extinguished by the single final result. The mutual relations of cause and effect do not at all constantly connect

the "means" with the "end" in conduct or policy. So, likewise, whether the failure that provokes the contemptuous sneer of the worldly wise, and crowds out of sight all the patient, painstaking, and laborious energy by which success has been courted, be the collapse of an empire, the discomfiture of a political effort, or the disappointment of a personal pursuit, the actions by which the final issue has been preceded, are neither void nor fruitless. It is abundantly evident that the most worthy efforts often fail, while the worst succeed. This fact alone ought to show the exceeding folly of basing an estimate of character on a superficial reckoning of results.

From The Examiner.

THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

HISTORY tells of a certain Lord Mayor of London who, in expatiating at a civic banquet on our matchless Constitution, and the freedom of career it afforded to every man, illustrated his observations by the elevation of his noble friend, the Lord Chancellor of England, then sitting beside him, "who had risen, as he might say, from the very dregs of the people." Probably there was no one present who did not feel uncomfortable, owing to the peculiar manner in which the mayor expressed his compliment. And yet why should it be so? The more humble, the more degraded, a man's origin, the more conspicuous must be his real worth and greatness when he rises to a lofty station. If human beings were guided by pure reason and abstract moral principles, they would value more highly one who had risen from the lowest ranks than one who had done nothing to win or adorn his position. Yet with a perverse disregard of the honour implied in a humble origin, a man no sooner reaches a higher grade in the social scale than all his efforts are directed to efface the steps of his elevation, and no one can disoblige him more than by referring to his former lowly position. Perhaps the farce is the most amusing when one is elevated to the peerage,—that paradise of conventional respect. The ingenuity of the Heralds' Office is strained to discover or invent a noble ancestry for the *parvenu* lord, and ten to one but it finds that his forefathers came in with the Conquest, though perhaps it would go hard with it to tell in what capacity.

In explanation of this apparently strange

freak of human nature, it is observed that the *parvenu* enters into a class respected not for its inherent good qualities, but through the force of custom. One who enters a society where respect is arbitrary and conventional cannot expect, at first, to enjoy the full incense of adulation; and, of course, everything that revives the recollection of his place in a former class, to which less conventional respect was attached, would militate against his immediate success in a new one. A man who has been known for years as plain Mr. Smith, the fat and homely brewer, can hardly expect, the moment he is transformed into Lord Adolphus, to become the object of the deep veneration usually excited by a lord. It takes time for the public to get familiar with him in his new character, and learn to bow their heads in the awful presence. This interregnum, when the brewer has put off the brewing, and scarcely put on the lordship, is very trying, and the new lord is naturally anxious to feel thoroughly at home in his elevated position. It is now he has reason to feel thankful that there is an office of the Herald King-at-Arms. Just at the proper moment it is discovered that the new lord has all his life been a nobleman in disguise; unfortunate pecuniary reverses have for many generations prevented his ancestors revealing the precious secret, but now there is no longer a motive for concealment; "blue blood" really runs in his veins, and, casting off the vulgar plebeian garb, he takes his proper place. In the course of time the brewer is forgotten; generation after generation bears the proud name of Adolphus; conceive, then, the disgust of the noble house, when some foolish antiquary, in defiance of the Herald's Office, traces the family greatness to the manufacturer of beer.

We are all placed in a similar trying position by the offensive activity of Mr. Darwin, who has, in the opinion of every rational man, shown himself as foolish as a worshipper of monkeys and frogs, by the pretended discovery of the descent of man from an Ascidian. That "the paragon of animals" could by any possibility have descended from a jelly-fish,—what an absurdity! Such a theory refutes itself as soon as it is stated, or, if any argument be necessary, we have only to add that it is derogatory to the dignity of man. So Mr. Froude tells us. Perhaps, however, the readers of Mr. Froude's speech may not be quite assured, fearing that they are like Lord Adolphus. For why should our origin touch our dignity? Our

real worth must depend on what we are, not on whence we came. If we have high intelligence, conscience, aspiration; if we are worthy of our own self-respect, why should we be disquieted because of the lowliness of our ancestry? Our position at the head of the kingdom of Nature is not conventional; it has been won, if Mr. Darwin is correct, by the exercise of higher faculties than are possessed by other animals; our success, therefore, is the best proof of our vast intrinsic superiority. To the eye of reason, the humbleness of our origin ought to give us the most satisfactory assurance of our real greatness.

The true secret of our hostility to Darwinian explanations of our origin is that we are not quite sure of our real superiority. We are readily enough convinced of it when we turn to the evidence, but when our attention is otherwise engaged, and we observe hundreds of instances of low animal passions, we begin to waver. Hence the preciousness of a theory that separates us from the lower animals by an impassable barrier, that ascribes to us a different origin, and therefore constantly assures us of our nobler destiny. Just as intolerance arises from want of faith, and the eagerness to make converts depends on the feebleness of one's personal convictions and the consequent necessity of an artificial prop in the concurrence of our neighbours, so the extravagance of our belief in the greatness of our ancestry arises from a want of our faith in our own greatness. While we are all conscious that we have too much of the brute in us to be angels, we are not at all times equally sure that we have too much of the angel in us to be brutes. A timid man hectors to keep up his courage, a bashful man occasionally is most audacious from a desperate conviction that, if he hesitates, all will be lost; and, in like manner, the man whose higher nature is often in danger of being swamped by his lower, is loudest in protesting that he is hedged in by peculiar sanctity.

The tendency of mankind is to exaggerate any little difference on which it prides itself. Men like to be, as the Pharisee said, not as other men. Common-place families, that have no special distinction, reserve to themselves the pleasure of "keeping themselves by themselves." The world is full of "peculiar people," whose glory is to differ from their neighbours. An intense desire to assert one's individuality has something to do with the separatist tendency, but there is also a latent idea that anything unique is precious. A

man who has a disease all to himself feels that he is a sort of hero, and looks down upon the miserable creatures that suffer from ordinary maladies. Indeed, there is nothing so poor that man will not pride himself upon, if he thinks that it distinguishes him from his neighbours. To a certain extent, the feeling is justifiable, but it has its limits. There are two kinds of differences separating men from one another. Some are peculiar to individuals, are of no great value to them, are not in the line of progress, and are therefore doomed to speedy elimination. Others are, at first, specially developed in individuals, but are merely higher stages of universally diffused qualities. They are in the vanguard of progress, and mark the direction in which the march of humanity must go. They are also aids in bringing forward those who lag behind.

The distinctions that are really valuable are those that are at once different and common, for personal idiosyncrasies are of no permanent use. Hence the faculties that we share with the lower animals, but in a higher degree, are the noblest and best; the distinctive powers of man have their analogues in the lower creation. The fact, then, that we share in the universal endowments of the animal kingdom, so far from destroying the dignity of man, only exhibits his superiority. We are the same, and yet different, made of flesh and blood truly, but of an altogether higher breed. Our position has been gained by no capricious favour, but by our innate superiority in the struggle for existence. Man is the paragon of animals. If this way of looking at human dignity be novel, it has, at all events, some advantages. Instead of treating the lower animals with that coarse brutality so often associated with superior strength or cunning, or with that senseless contempt that steels the hearts of cultivated Christian gentlemen, and makes a holocaust of slaughter an enjoyment to them, we should remember that the animals have feelings like ourselves, and that wanton injury inflicted on them is unworthy of our own nature. The growing disposition to put down cruelty to animals would be encouraged by the reflection that we are the "elder brother" of the animal kingdom, and that it becomes us to be preservers, not destroyers; for, vast as is the difference between us and them, we are still united by the links of a remote kinship.

From The Spectator.
THE IDEA IN THE REVOLT.

THE constitution of Paris as a separate State was the intentional result of the Revolt. It appears to be certain that the group of men who direct the movement, of whom Blanqui is said to be the chief, though there may be a chief behind him, have decided to strive for a completely new organization of France. Weary of the yoke of the peasants, which for twenty years has been pressed upon the necks of the great cities, they are determined to make of the great cities States in the American sense, States in Federal alliance with France, but not in subordination to her. In their own language, the ten great cities are to make permanent arrangements for alliance with the nation. In all their proclamations this idea reappears, now in a demand that the autonomy of the cities shall be recognized by the Assembly, again in a suggestion that it shall be inserted in the Charter, which is to be the fundamental law of the country, and anon in some proposal more or less wild for "a treaty of Peace with France." The idea, as yet vague though distinct, like a shadow rather than a figure, is reported to be due to Assi, who has read but one book in his life, Edgar Quinet's "Revolutions of Italy," and has been fascinated by the descriptions of the Italian Republics; but there can be little doubt that a Federalizing policy of some kind, in which the Federal States would be small, has been entertained for some years by the extreme Reds, who hopeless of defeating the peasant proprietors, trust by this device to break or neutralize their power. It is the favourite idea of the Russian Reds, the most determined fanatics in the ranks of the cosmopolitan revolution; it crops up in Italy whenever order is disturbed; to suggest itself naturally to every Swiss; it was formally proposed in the only reasonable Fenian manifesto we ever read; it was adopted by the International Society in their meeting at Geneva; and it derives great strength from the approval of that influential class among revolutionists, the Reds who have resided in America and become permeated with American ways of thought. It is approved by the Reds because it gives them *pieds-à-terre* in which their principles may triumph by the Communists because they think Socialism more manageable within limited areas — just the idea of the American Fourierists — and by ordinary Republicans because it would emancipate city life from the control of the peasants' nomi-

nees. Whether they intend that each city should govern the province round it, as Florence governed Tuscany, or that each city should be a State in itself, leaving each province to become a State too, is not clear either to us or, as we suspect, to the insurgent chiefs; but one point is sufficiently distinct. The city vote in the Central Assembly is to balance or overcome the vote of the country districts, — a condition which could not be observed, unless the city in some form or other was despotic over its surrounding terrain.

Is it conceivable that such a plan as this should succeed in establishing itself in the most centralized of all European countries? We cannot tell, for we cannot say how far the provinces would be as willing to rid themselves of the cities as the cities are to rid themselves of the provinces, to what extent the German army will remain neutral, or how far the mad wickedness of men like the "Home Secretary of the Commune," men who preach the assassination of princes as a religious duty, may interfere with the policy of saner chiefs. Nor can we as yet perceive how far the Communists propose to carry their special ideas, whether they will content themselves with a poor law and an *impôt progressif*, as Louis Blanc would, or whether by some direct attack on property such as the exaction of the German indemnity by a forced loan, they will compel the property-holders to shake off their cowardice and appeal to military force. But we do think it clear that if in the struggle between Paris and Versailles, Versailles goes down, a determined effort will be made to recast France on a Federal basis, with the cities as separate cantons, and we feel no security whatever that Versailles will not go down. The Assembly does not deserve either the affection or the respect of the soldiery, and we question greatly if it has obtained either. M. Thiers sits there emitting sanguine proclamations, and counselling patience, and gathering troops; but he displays little decision, no nerve, and no adequate sense of the forces which oppose him. His policy, we presume, is to temporize in order that the Commune may be forced by want of money, or it may be of food, to attack and so give him the advantage of acting on the defensive, or possibly with German troops in reserve; but he has no proof that his troops will not refuse to fire, or that his *régime* may not be overthrown by a single night attack. The Commune evidently believes in the friendliness of the soldiery; day and night its emissaries pass among the regiments; the

officers have no hold whatever on their men, and worst sign of all, one of those strange bursts of noble but feminine sentiment which sometimes attack the French when gathered in masses is said to have struck the soldiery. They will not, they say, after flying before the Prussians, kill their countrymen. They may at the last moment recollect that their duty to their country is above their duty to their countrymen; but if they do not, if they fraternize or stand aloof, the majority in the Assembly will fly, the minority will decree the Charter drawn up by Blanqui, and France will be once more thrown into the crucible, to emerge a changed land. We doubt if the moment of crisis can be long deferred. The Commune must have money or submit, and it cannot get money until it has upset the Assembly, which, for its part, can do nothing till Paris is reduced to order.

We should add that the success or failure of the movement in Marseilles or Lyons will not affect its result one straw. If Paris is defeated Lyons will yield; if Paris wins Lyons will follow; and for any form of preparatory action there will be no time.

From The Spectator.

FRUITS OF IMPERIALISM.

WITH that curious incapacity for looking beyond the moment which is apt to distinguish the popular view of external affairs, the people of England, who, when they saw the utter rashness, weakness, and even imbecility of the French Imperial Government in time of war, gave all their sympathy to the Republic and all their contempt to the Empire, now that the Republic in its turn is showing weakness and incapacity, are more than half inclined to wish that the Emperor were back again on his throne, and are reminding each other that, while he ruled, Paris was, at least, orderly, and France was, or seemed to be, great. No doubt: — but is it the sign of a good parental government when, the moment the parental authority is withdrawn, every trace of orderly and intelligent insight into the ends of life disappears at once, and it becomes manifest that the parental authority was not one of discipline preparing for self-government, but one calculated to stifle and suppress all the independent capacities of the individuals submitted to its rule? The Emperor himself knew better, if he really said

some five or six years ago, as he is reported to have said, that he had but one remorse, and that was, that his government would render self-government in France more than ever impossible. So, at all events, it seems likely to prove. No one can doubt that the situation in 1848 was far more hopeful than the situation seems to be now in 1871. Of course the German conquest, and the excessive and humiliating rigour of the German terms of peace, must be taken into account as one of the disorganizing elements of the present. Yet had France gained in capacity for self-government since 1848, instead of losing, as she undoubtedly has done, the external pressure might have welded France together anew, instead of exposing the utter anarchy of wishes and purposes within her. The Assemblies of 1848 and 1849 unquestionably contained wild and lawless elements, but they contained also far greater elements of strength than any which have shown themselves in this distracted and reactionary medley assembled at Versailles in the hour of France's greatest peril. Louis Philippe's Government was a narrow-minded and, in some respects, a mean one, but it did, at least, teach the middle classes the alphabet of political life; it brought out not a few eminent men; it developed party-leaders of a certain amount of force; it did more in the direction of political education than any Government France has had since the revolution. Now, twenty years of suppression, twenty years of parental rule, during which no man who valued his dignity or independence ever dreamt of aspiring to the position of a French statesman, have left France in utter political impotence, without parties which know their own political ends, without leaders who have the confidence of their parties and guide their counsels, without the deference for each other which is of the essence of political liberty, without a trace of the self-reliance which is at the root of all sobriety and moderation. And this is notoriously the late Emperor's doing. When, in 1851, instead of steadily resisting encroachments under the Constitution, he plotted to upset the Constitution and put down the Parliamentary life of France by the help of that popular panic and ignorance the expression of which he organized in the plébiscite, he really shut up and knew that he shut up the political school of France, and suppressed political education, which is the only root of true Order, in the so-called interests of Order. Thenceforth every Assembly of Deputies recognized that if it

displeased the Emperor, a plébiscite would shut its mouth; and all power accordingly dropped from its hands. Imperial clerks and secretaries took the place of statesmen. The Opposition, perfectly conscious that they had no responsibility for France, became a mere knot of virulent literary antagonists of the Empire. The Ministerial party knew that it existed only to support the throne; the tradition of political responsibility and party bonds was lost; the half-learned lesson of self-government was utterly forgotten; and the experience, valuable enough of its kind, narrow and limited as that kind was, of the eighteen years of middle-class government in France, was utterly wasted, — a generation having arisen to which its lessons are as though they had never been taught. And all this is, we say, emphatically due to the Emperor. Had he acted as Cavaignac acted in 1848, France might have had less material prosperity, might have passed through more dangerous-looking crises between 1850 and 1870 than she did, but she would not now be the helpless chaos she is. Louis Napoleon, by the deliberate policy of making his appeal to the timid ignorance of the nation to overrule and extinguish the discussing intellect of the nation, brought these things about, and is guilty of that political impotence of the nation at which all Europe stands aghast.

And though this is the great count in the indictment against the Ex-Emperor, and the very root of his sin, it is not the only one. It was hardly his fault, perhaps, that he had not even a small fraction of the intellectual and moral energy necessary for the awful responsibilities he took upon himself in ordering the *coup d'état*, — or, at least, it is his fault, but only in this sense, that a man not conscious of the enormous power requisite to infuse energy and intelligence into the guidance of the State after he had concentrated power in his own hands, ought to have known that he was committing a crime of far more fatal immediate consequences in bringing about a condition of things in which the only spring of vitality was his own will and brain, than he would have committed if he had really possessed the genius to direct a great administration well. He made himself essential to France without having a mind or an industry or a power of impulse anything like as great as that of any of our recent English prime ministers. We do not deny his intellect a certain detachment and impartiality and a partly artificial stateliness of its own.

But it was radically languid; constantly under the dangerous sedative influence of a love of pleasure; and entirely without the restless and impulsive vigilance of all great administrative natures. The consequence was that when the late Emperor found himself the centre of a great political system, he was compelled to make money do, or rather seem to do, the work which he ought to have done by the unwearied energy of his own will. The natural sequence of the destruction of political liberty, and the concentration of great power in the hands of a lazy and somewhat enfeebled valetudinarian, was a vast system of corruption. We do not charge the Emperor with any personal meanness in the matter. For this there is no evidence, and, as far as we know, his perhaps somewhat artificially-cultivated, yet quite genuine feeling of Imperial dignity, would alone have rendered it impossible for him to amass wealth for himself. But we do say that his lavish use of money to make the Imperial machinery of Government run easier in his languid hands, was a new misfortune to France over and above the misfortune of the suppression of her political education, and ought now to be a second "remorse" to himself.

As a ruler the ex-Emperor is bound to feel not one, but two great passions of remorse,—one that his *régime* postponed to the Greek kalends the possibility of any intelligent and temperate freedom in France,—the other that his *régime* degraded the ideal of administrative duty, and rendered pecuniary greediness something like the law of official life. It is with the inheritance of both these monster evils that the conquered and frantic country,—conquered through his incompetence, frantic from the ignorance and confusion which his suppression of all real political life for twenty years compelled,—is now struggling. No doubt it is fair to set off against these monster evils that the Emperor taught France the secret of material prosperity, and went a good way towards giving her free trade. But let no man who does not believe that money, or money's worth, is the *summum bonum* of nations, talk of the ex-Emperor's *régime* as if it were the golden age towards which, in the present anarchy and confusion, it is natural to cast back a longing glance. The military impotence of France, which is, perhaps, the least of all the frightful evils of the present situation, the political impotence of France, the social corruption of France, are all the natural and legitimate harvest of the imperial seed. Napo-

leon III. sowed the tares which are now being garnered-in so plentifully by the unhappy Republicans,—let us hope for conflagration. Who that has the true welfare of France at heart can hesitate for one moment to say, "An enemy hath done this"? Not, of course, an open or self-conscious enemy,—we are perfectly aware that in his own way, and under his own self-interested conditions, Louis Napoleon loved France and desired to see her glorious and great; but still he was her deadly enemy, because he was one who loved power better than duty, and thought more of the wealth and glory of France, than of her intelligence, her liberty or her self-respect.

From The Saturday Review.
PARIS.

THE strange Revolution that has taken place in Paris within the last fortnight springs from sources which have been more or less in activity since 1789. Paris, ever since the days of the Reign of Terror, has been the centre of French Revolution, and since the beginning of the reign of Louis Philippe Lyons has on a smaller scale rivalled Paris. These two cities have accordingly for the last forty years been treated as something like outlaws. They have for a long time been denied municipal institutions, and Paris especially has been kept down by main force, while material advantages have been accumulated on it in order to gild the yoke it has had to bear. Paris has in a manner a special case as against the Governments of France which have successively ruled it, and particularly against the Empire. It has been regarded as too dangerous in every way to have any local liberties assigned to it. Its organization has been that of direct Government interference. A Government official has decided what taxes should be paid, and how those taxes should be spent. An ubiquitous police has supervised and controlled all domestic and all public life. It has been held, in fact, as a conquered town. Possibly this has only been a penalty merited by grave excesses and dangerous tendencies; but merited penalties are felt keenly, and some allowance must be made for the extraordinary irritability of the more ignorant class of Parisians, who were, on the one hand, constantly told that Paris was the eye of Europe, the delight of nations, the protector of humanity, and, on the other hand

were perpetually reminded that Paris was not thought worthy even of so much local liberty and dignity as was accorded to Orleans or Tours. Then, again, Paris was not only allowed, but ordered, to keep up a military force of its own. It had its National Guards; but the city was taxed, and had the bauble of its special military pomp dangled before its eyes, in order that its local force might answer none of the purposes for which a local force is supposed to be instituted. The National Guard of Paris was an elaborate contrivance for inducing the regular troops to fire, when ordered, on the people. Revolutionary memories are so strong in the French soldiery that there is always a chance that they may hesitate to fire on their civilian brothers, but if a civilian body of soldiery could be associated with them, their scruples, it seems, might be easily removed. The National Guard, officered by nominees of the Government, promised to provide exactly the instrument that was wanting; and thus the wild spirits of Paris saw their city subjected to another indignity, and its local force artificially manipulated into an engine of repression. Lastly, Paris has always been the victim of the revolutions it has commenced. The Government of Louis Philippe was in a measure, and the Government of Louis Napoleon was altogether, hostile to Paris. The Empire, as is frankly confessed in the manifesto just issued by M. Duvernois, was the symbol of the rule of the provinces over the capital. Rude peasants who knew nothing of the history, the wants, or the sufferings of the capital, were appealed to as the ultimate source of an authority which kept Paris in rigid subjection. It was Boeotia perpetually dictating to Athens, and the modern Athenians learnt to hate the whole apparatus of universal suffrage, plébiscites, and provincial prefectures, by which Imperialism sustained itself and Paris was kept prostrate at its feet.

The events of the last few days, and the disastrous effects of the forced or calculating inactivity of the Government, have naturally suggested the thought that the policy of blood and iron was the right one, and that the Emperor did a real service to France by the *coup d'état*. It is not exactly accurate to speak of the *coup d'état* as immediately directed against the revolutionary party in Paris, but at any rate it was the crown and symbol of the whole policy of repression. Whether the *coup d'état* was in any way justifiable under the circumstances, or whether recent events can be held to justify it, are questions

which could not be answered, perhaps, without a long discussion. But even assuming that the *coup d'état* was the less of two evils, it is in the highest degree important, for the purpose of understanding the present politics of France, to notice the enormous cost at which whatever benefits may have accrued from it were purchased. Nearly every evil from which France is now suffering may be traced to the *coup d'état*. What are the main evils which are now weighing upon France? Paris is in open rebellion; but for the last twenty years Paris has been subjected to indignities which it was a necessary part of the Imperial policy to inflict, but which must have been acutely felt, and the grievance of which was naturally exaggerated by a quick-witted, sensitive people. The National Guard has proved faithless to the cause of order; but the National Guard has had all the honesty and purpose taken out of it by the manner in which it was made to conduce to an ignoble end. The National Guard is smarting under the sense of its own inefficiency before the enemy, while it is scarcely able to realize how inefficient it was. But this is exactly what might have been expected of a sham military force, arranged so as to act in conjunction with real soldiers, as amateur policemen, cut off from all the realities of service. The troops of the Line have fraternized with the National Guard in face of the insurgents; but it was precisely to lure troops on to acts of stern repression that it was attempted to arrange that they should always act in conjunction with the National Guard, and not without or against them. The troops of the Line are thoroughly demoralized, and throughout the war the want of discipline and the insubordination of the French soldiery has been one of the chief causes of German success. But from the *coup d'état* dates the demoralization of the French army. It was pampered, petted, and bribed in preparation for the *coup d'état*, and it had to be perpetually pampered, petted, and bribed in order that the fruits of the *coup d'état* might be preserved. As the whole army could not be thoroughly trusted for this purpose, an enormous band of Prætorians was created, and there was not a sufficiency of good materials left in the ordinary regiments to encounter such troops as the Germans brought into the field. The officers, when the crisis came, were found ignorant of their profession, and possessed of no power over their men, because the Emperor, assiduous as he had been in demoralizing the army, had been

twice as assiduous in demoralizing the officers, as the immediate agents in the execution of his policy of repression. The present Government of Paris is a Socialist Government; but for twenty years the Emperor has been fostering the Socialism of Paris, and taxing the provinces to find Paris employment. He set himself to be able to repress insurrection, but he did not wish to have any open insurrection to repress, and he thought the readiest way of attaining his end was to bribe Paris to keep quiet. The *bourgeoisie* of Paris has shrunk from danger, and allowed itself to be cowed by a small minority of the population. But the Emperor has sedulously prepared the way for the collapse, by denying all municipal life to Paris, and teaching the shopkeeper to think that, if he can but keep his shop open, he has got all that his soul can desire. France is without great men, and even without capable men, and has had to fly for refuge to the guidance of an old man who has been kept in obscurity for twenty years. But it was the Empire that nipped in the bud all the political ability of the country. Lastly, there is a deadly feud between Paris and the provinces, and no one can doubt how the long-standing bitterness between them was fomented who reflects on all that was involved in the sudden extinction of the hopes of Parliamentary liberty by the plébiscite of last May.

It is probably because M. Thiers ponders with much painful anxiety on all these things that he is so loth to put down the insurrection of Paris with a high hand. It may well seem a dreadful thing to him to begin once more the policy of repression; and to let the provinces win a victory over Paris. M. Thiers is far too much of a Parisian to wish to see Paris perpetually under the thralldom of remote peasants and priests. It is true that, however much he may hesitate, the attitude of Paris will drive him before long to have recourse to force. The Parisians complain that for years France has forgotten them and their grievances, and now they are showing that in their turn they forget France. They are pushing to an extreme their claim for municipal independence, for a real local force, and for immunity from the dictation of the provinces. They propose, so far as the leaders of the Reds represent them, to withdraw from France altogether. It appears that one at least of their chiefs has, by an unfortunate accident, just read enough to have a vague notion of the grandeur and happiness of the mediæval Italian Republics. It seems to him and

those he can influence a pleasant idea that Paris should be a Power by itself, wage its own little wars, rule its own affairs, and despise, bully, or subjugate its neighbours as opportunity may offer. This is very like the enthusiasm in the first Revolution for Republican Rome. Of the history of Republican Rome the French of that day were entirely ignorant, but for them a Republic was always a Republic, and if they spouted enough and shed blood enough, while their women wore sandals and dressed their hair more or less like ancient statues, they were sure they must be the worthy rivals of Brutus and Cato. Paris belongs to France as well as to itself, and cannot be allowed, even if it wished, to become another Genoa or Pisa. Putting Socialism for the moment aside, it is an absurd and impermissible anachronism for Paris to cut itself out of France and set up on its own account. It would be so irritated by the isolation in which it found itself that it would be sure to wish to escape from it by getting the provinces under its command, and would thus provoke the conflict from which it professes to ask to stand aloof. The men, too, who head the Revolution are to all appearance utterly incompetent for the prolonged management of affairs, and a movement cannot last long the leaders of which have thought it a good stroke of business to burn all the records of the Police Office, while they give an official sanction to the advocacy of assassination. Whatever may be the fair claims of Paris, and however much the evils of France may be attributable to the policy under which Paris has been repressed, the Communal Council and its adherents must speedily collapse or be put aside by force, unless French society is wholly to decompose. But it is not enough to put down the insurrection of Paris. A new *coup d'état*, if it brings immediate relief, will bring its train of indirect and perpetual evils. The hopes of France lie not in a resuscitation of Imperialism under its old or a new name, but in the introduction of a system of government which shall unite a fair share of independence and local life in the large towns with the cohesion and unity of the country. The task is doubtless a very difficult and dangerous one which the statesman who tries to introduce such a system will have to undertake, but the success of the undertaking is not beyond hope; or, if it is beyond hope, then the permanent peace and prosperity of France are beyond hope also.

AN ANCIENT BUDDHIST INSCRIPTION.—A most interesting paper has lately been communicated to the Royal Asiatic Society by the Rev. Alexander Wylie on the subject of an ancient Buddhist inscription that exists on the interior of an archway in the village of Keu-yung-kwan in North China. The arch, which spans the village street, was, as its name, Kwo-chieh-ta, denotes, originally surmounted by a pagoda; but in consequence of the aversion shown by the Mongols to passing under the ominous building, the pagoda was, about four centuries ago, removed by order of the Government, the rest of the structure being left as it at present stands. The arch is built of white marble, and its structure is remarkable from the fact that while its blocks are cut for a circular arch, the inner surfaces are hewn to produce a ceiling of semi-hexagonal form. The chief interest attaching to it, however, is centered in the inscriptions in six languages—viz. Sanskrit, Thibetan, Bashpah, Ougour, Neuchih, and Chinese—which adorn its sides. These inscriptions were first brought to the notice of the European public by Mr. Wylie in a paper which was published in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* for 1860; but a complete impression of that on the eastern side of the archway, the most important of the two, was only procured by him at a recent date. The Sanskrit and Thibetan portions of the inscription are inscribed in horizontal lines of twenty feet in depth, and below these are four compartments containing versions of the same in Bashpah, Ougour, Neuchih, and Chinese characters, all in vertical lines. With the exception of the Sanskrit, the texts are inscribed partly in large and partly in small characters, and a comparison of the whole shows plainly that the large characters in each language are transcripts of the sounds of the original Sanskrit, and that additional matter has been added in each language in the smaller characters.

To Orientalists the great importance of this inscription will be at once apparent, since it furnishes us with specimens of the Neuchih, Ougour, and Bashpah languages in a connection which enables us to form partial syllabaries and vocabularies of them. Of the Neuchih character, the national writing of the Kin Dynasty Tartars, all knowledge is now absolutely lost in China, and only one other specimen of it is known to exist—that which is preserved in the Imperial Mausoleum at Keen-chow in the Province of Shense. Like their predecessors the Chitan Tartars, the Neuchih were, when they became dominant in the North of China in the early part of the 12th century, a rude unlettered tribe possessing no written language of their own, and hence were dependent on their vanquished rivals and the Chinese for the conduct of their correspondence and literary

negotiations. The inconvenience of thus being beholden to foreigners for the transaction of all national business soon became so unbearable, that Akuta, the founder of the dynasty, appointed a commission of Chinese and Chitans to form a new set of symbols from the elements of the Chinese pattern-hand characters, adapted to the sounds of the Neuchih language. This was done, and an Imperial decree published in the year 1119 ordered the general adoption of the newly-formed alphabet. Twenty-six years later another system of syllabic writing, known as the Small Neuchih character, was invented and brought into official use, and it is this character which is employed in the inscription of which we are now speaking. The tablet at Keen-chow is inscribed in the large or earlier Neuchih letters, and this therefore is the only specimen of the later alphabet known to be extant. By comparing the Neuchih characters with the Sanskrit Mr. Wylie has been able with some degree of certainty to form a partial syllabary of that language. In like manner he has been able to supply many of the sounds of the Bashpah and Ougour letters. Of the former of these several specimens have from time to time been discovered, and Mr. Wylie tells us that in 1854 he found an inscription in this character in a Confucian temple at Shanghai. Fortunately he took impressions from the slab at once, for on his return a short time afterwards he found that the temple had since been in the occupation of some British officers, who in their desire to make things "comfortable," had plastered over all the inscribed tablets on the walls, and had allowed their servants to use this particular one as a block on which to chop wood!

Apart from the philological value of the inscription, comparatively little interest attaches to it. It is merely one of the many *dharanis* or recitations commonly found in the Buddhist sacred books; but it is a matter of no little surprise that considering its age—its date is 1345—and the position of the archway, spanning the high-road from Peking to Mongolia, it should be so far preserved as to have rendered its translation possible. The work of deciphering the characters was one, however, of great labour, and surrounded with many difficulties, for, in addition to the fact that the surface of the marble, especially towards the base, was a good deal chipped and otherwise defaced, the Chinese copyist had made numerous errors in his endeavours to extricate the complex Sanskrit character from the half-obliterated legend. All the more thanks are therefore due to Dr. Haas, of the British Museum, to whom the task fell of translating the original Sanskrit, and to Mr. Wylie—who have thus supplied a most important addition to our scanty knowledge of the ancient Tartar languages.

Fall Mall.